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Sunday, July 9, 1933

Cupids

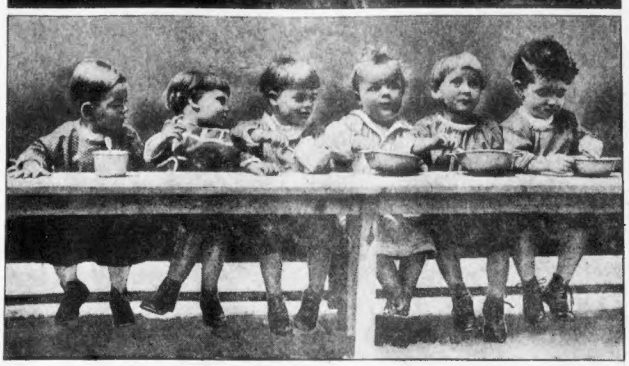
by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 5—Irish

Said Cupid, "Well, I did my part;
I've just fired my very last dart.
But she doesn't need me,
For as you can see,
Her eyes would pierce any lad's heart."

The Photographer Calls Before and After Dinner—And What a Difference!

BEFORE DINNER These Little Inmates of a Vienna Children's Home Are Pouty, Restless and Irritable, and Not Even the Presence of the Camera-man and His "Birdie" Can Catch the Interest of the Youngsters.



But Now Look at Them. The Little Fellow Second From the Left Has Stopped Crying and Is Keenly Interested in Something at the Other End of the Table. The Other Little Ones Have Changed Countenance—and Life Has Become, Pleasantly, "Just a Bowl of Cherries."

VIENNA.

A FEW weeks ago one of the city's photographers, famous for his studies of children, dropped in at an orphanage. He explained to the matron that he was soon to enter some camera portraits of youngsters in a competitive exhibit and that he was anxious to balance his display by adding to his photographs of aristocratic children a few studies of less fortunate kiddies.

The matron was familiar with the man's reputation as an artist and she told him that he might take as many pictures as he wanted to. The children, she explained, had just gone to the dining-room in the yard and were about to eat their noon meal.

"Good," said the photographer, who was a close observer of the ways of the young. "If you don't mind holding up the meal a minute or two, I'd like to make some 'shots' right now—and then, when they are finished, I'd like to take some more pictures. This may sound like a strange request, but when the pictures are developed and printed, I'll show you something that may surprise you."

The photographer was taken to the open-air dining-room in the orphanage yard, where the children, ranging in age from two to five years, were seated at a long wooden table. He set up his camera and told the matron that he would tell her when to bring in the food.

For a few minutes the youngsters were intensely interested in the camera-man, his curious-looking outfit and his maneuvers with a big, black cloth. But they soon tired of this and began to get restless. They fidgeted in their chairs. Some of them frowned. Others began to quarrel with the children sitting beside them. One little fellow of three broke out in tearful wails. The photographer watched his chance and caught two or three good pictures of this uneasy and unhappy group.

Then he took himself and his camera inside the building and told the matron that he was through until his subjects had time to eat their porridge and drink their milk. He asked her to keep the children at their places for a few minutes after dinner so that he might take one or two other and, he intimated, very different pictures.

How keen the man's knowledge of the younger set is can be appreciated at a glance at the before-dinner and after-dinner photographs at the left. The studies were snapped less than twenty minutes apart, yet the difference that a little food makes is plain to see on every face.

That empty feeling is gone. The urge to fidget, or cry, or pick a fight disappeared with the warm food in the bowls and the milk in the cups. The world—even the narrow world of an orphanage yard with the high fence around it—seems all right again.

Several days later the photographer called again at the orphanage and laid the pictures reproduced here on the matron's desk. She studied them with intense interest.

"Well," she said, "I knew, of course, that children get uneasy just before meal time, and that they are easiest to handle right after they have had their fill of good, warm food. But I didn't realize what a difference food makes in facial expression. Why, in these pictures, they don't look like the same children."

The before-and-after photographs took a prize in the exhibition and were reproduced in newspapers and magazines all over Austria.

Dwarfs Made to Order to Become Beggars

FAMILIES of professional beggars in China have been quick to take advantage of the Celestial's extreme pity for his deformed or misshapen fellow-men, and a common business there is the making of dwarfs from originally normal children.

The process is unbelievably simple. A child of three or four years—having reached within a few inches of the desired stature—is placed in a heavy porcelain vase, so that its head alone is free. As the child grows, his shoulders are forced against the curving neck of the vase and the pressure thus exerted throughout several years stunts his growth.

The strange custom is believed to have first originated in the North of China centuries ago. Old records reveal that the first made-to-order dwarf was bound from head to foot in tightly twisted bandages so that it resembled a living mummy. When the bandages were removed after several years, the child's body was pitifully shrunken and deformed, but paralysis had set in, thus rendering the "dwarf" useless for begging purposes. Placing children in heavy porcelain vases was a much more practical method of producing dwarfed but un-paralyzed people. From the day of the child's incarceration in the vase he is told to open and close his hands hundreds of times daily and to flex and relax his arm and leg muscles in order that joints will not stiffen. When the alloted time has elapsed, the vase is broken with great ceremony and burning of many prayer papers. If the child emerges from its living tomb still able to walk, there is great rejoicing, for such a monstrosity is sure to succeed.

When Camels Become Boats in Iraq

ALTHOUGH the water Arabs of Iraq spend most of their lives traveling up and down the Tigris River, and rarely if ever venture more than a few miles from its banks, few of them accumulate enough money to buy a boat. This, however, in no way deters them from navigating the river.

When a water Arab of northern Iraq wants to transport his family down river to Bagdad, say, he acquires the carcasses of two camels. Then he cuts a hole in the animals' sides about as big around as a good-sized hat and, with a deftness only water Arabs possess, removes bones, flesh, and entrails through the small holes. When this difficult operation is completed the skin is perfectly whole, with the exception of the small opening through which the "insides" were taken out. The Arab then fills the skin with air, sews up the hole and makes the hide water-tight. These ballooned carcasses are then ready to be placed in the water, where they are fastened to each other with poles. This forms a raft so buoyant that it will support a weight of half a ton or more.

When an Arab navigating one of these rafts, or koleks, as they are called, reaches his destination, he lets the air out of the skins, rolls them up, and places them in his pack for future use. These skins are remarkably tough, and if given reasonable care will provide the Arab with river transportation for a long time.

How Both Wives of the Impoverished Count Humiliate Themselves for a Living

Countess Elly Haller, Playing Her Violin in a Cheap Restaurant in the Suburbs of Budapest, for Which She Is Paid Less Than Three Dollars a Day for Nearly 12 Hours of Work.

BUDAPEST.

IMPOVERISHED aristocrats are no rarity in this city, nor have they been since the close of the World War. Members of noble families once welcomed at the Hungarian royal court have been reduced to waiting on tables, working in shops and offices, and even washing the clothes of the proletariat in laundries. A score of counts and countesses have lost their fortunes and their estates.

But none of these cases of vanished grandeur has caused as much of a stir in the Hungarian capital as the plight of Count Janos Haller, a scion of one of the country's oldest and noblest houses.

The Count himself, who once enjoyed one of the largest incomes in Europe, had his estates taken from him at the end of the war and lost millions of dollars in war loans to support the Hungarian fighting forces. Penniless, he tried his hand at many jobs and is now said to be managing a bare existence as a book agent.

The Countess Elly Haller, his first wife, whom he divorced some years ago to marry Margit Fleshner, a writer of children's stories, amused herself, in her salad days, by playing more than passably well on the violin.

When she was divorced and discovered that there was no money to be expected from her titled husband, her first thought was to make her living as a musician. For a time she played in orchestras in some of the city's lesser cafes and night clubs, but when she had managed to save a little money she formed her own orchestra. It would be less than true to say that the Countess heads one of the city's better musical outfits, for most of her playing is done in second-rate cafes in the Budapest suburbs, where she is still something of an attraction because of her title.

The Countess does not mind fiddling for a living, however, when she thinks of the fate of the second Countess Haller who, in her dire need and desperation, recently applied to the police for permission to sell papers on the street.

When the license was granted, she took up her stand on the sidewalk in front of the celebrated National Casino, an exclusive club in which her titled husband was once a director.

Some thought that she was being a bit sardonic in her decision to cry out the news of the day in front of the National Casino, but she explained that most of the other good locations seemed to be crowded with newspaper vendors and that she picked this spot because it seemed to her that business there would be good—at least good enough to provide her with food.

The Countess Margit, it is said, sells more newspapers than some of the city's professional newsboys who have been in the business for years, partly because of her engaging personality and partly because certain citizens of the so-called "lower and middle classes" find it exciting and amusing to patronize a woman who once wore silk.

Countess Margit Haller, Second Wife of the Impoverished Count, Selling Newspapers on a Street Corner, Under a Police License That Gives Her the Rating of Little More Than a Pauper.

How Did She Get Up There?

THE bathing beauties of Venice, California, are forever devising new ways of amusing themselves and thrilling visitors to that popular resort.

Of course they go in for the usual beach stunts, such as playing leap frog, building human pyramids and engaging in Amazonian tugs-of-war, but they get the most fun out of performing tricks that have an element of danger and which give them a chance to demonstrate their athletic ability.

Last year the girls gave a great deal of their time and energy to playing water polo on inflated rubber ponies, and in riding these buoyant steeds on the rollers pounding in on the beach. This year they appear to have gone gymnastic.

The good looking and shapely young woman in the photograph was caught by the cameraman in a spectacular and difficult balancing feat performed at the top of a precarious tower formed of beach balls and doughnut-like life preservers. Her name is Mary Dodd and she is one of the few fair residents of Venice who can do this trick.

In the photograph the stunt may look simple, but almost everyone who attempts it comes to grief on the sand. Even with three or four beach balls, with their steadying life-preservers between them, a person has to have an exceptional sense of balance to stand on the curved surface of the top ball for more than a few seconds.

Mary, after many falls, some of which marked her sun-tanned body with bruises, mastered the trick of maintaining her equilibrium 15 feet above the sand, on the topmost of seven balls. How did she get up there?

©INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTS

Miss Mary Dodd Accomplishing the Difficult Feat of Balancing Herself Atop a Pile of Inflated Rubber Balls on a California Beach.

Tattoos Register Jersey Chickens

THE poultrymen of New Jersey have had so much trouble with chicken thieves that a bureau of identification for fowl is to be established as a new and unusual branch of the State Police.

The plan is to assign a distinguishing letter to each county and to permit the poultrymen to tattoo their birds with these letters and special insignias of their own. The initial for Bergen County, for example, might be B. Union County probably would be assigned U, Essex County, E, and so on. Then every chicken raiser would have his own "brand," just as the cattle men of the West have for their livestock.

One of the officials of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station has suggested that the tattooing be done on the web of the left wing, with indelible ink that will remain legible from the time the "branding" is done until the birds have finished their usefulness as egg producers or are big enough to be killed and sent to market.

With this scheme in operation, it would be possible for the State Police, when they capture a chicken thief, to tell exactly where he is doing his plundering and to whom the loot should be returned. It would also prevent the culprits from establishing alibis—as they have done many times in the past—by swearing that they raised the birds themselves.

The poultrymen are all for the idea. They say that a chicken can be tattooed for a fraction of a cent and that they are willing to go to the necessary expense and trouble to save themselves the losses of thousands of dollars a year which they now suffer because of sporadic and seemingly organized raids on their establishments.

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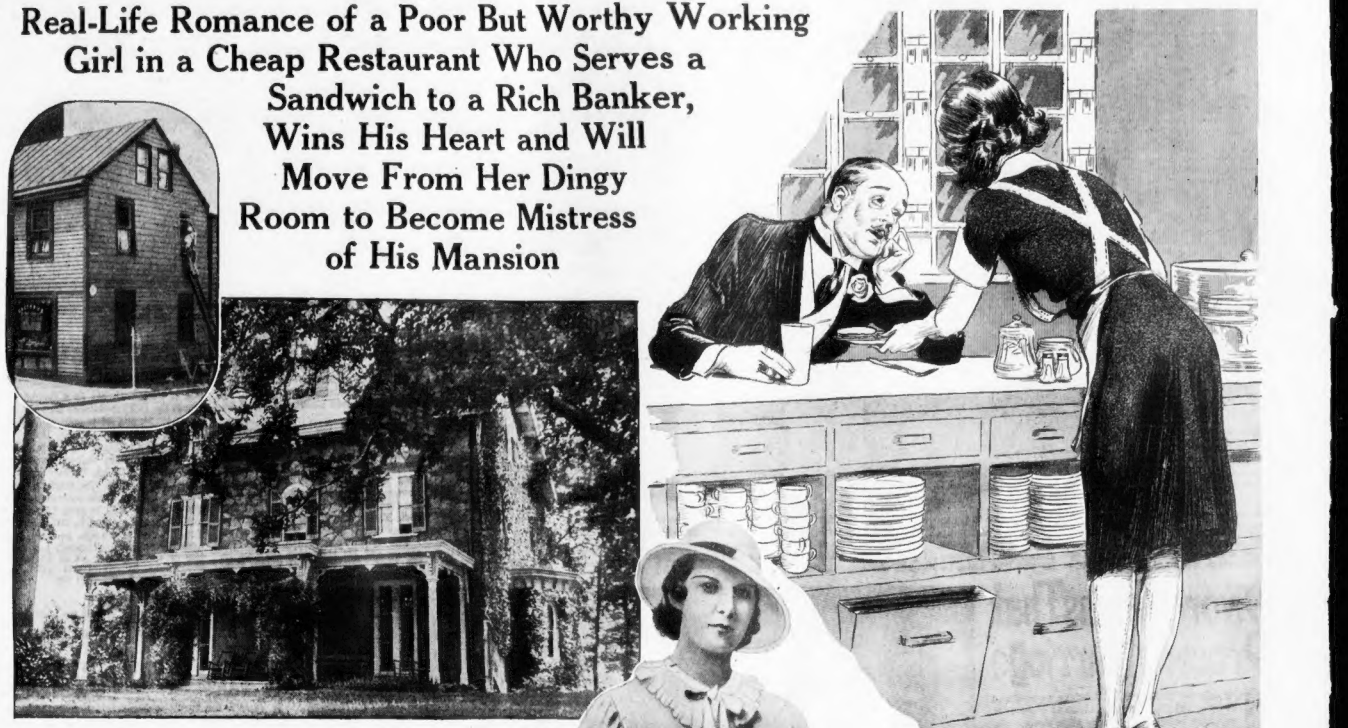
Just the Way You See It in the Movies

Real-Life Romance of a Poor But Worthy Working Girl in a Cheap Restaurant Who Serves a Sandwich to a Rich Banker, Wins His Heart and Will Move From Her Dingy Room to Become Mistress of His Mansion



The House in the Fashionable Chestnut Hill Section of Philadelphia, Where Banker Robert F. Welsh Lives With His Father and Mother. —And— The Little Attic Bedroom Where Frances Sleeps, Over the Store Where Her Parents Serve Ice-Cream and Hot Dogs

THE poor but virtuous daughter of the immigrant mill-hand sometimes marries the rich banker in the movies, but only after much difficulty and complications.

Frances Sewzuk, daughter of a Ukrainian immigrant, worker in the textile mills of Philadelphia, has won Robert Frazer Welsh, head of the banking firm of Welsh Brothers, president of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railway, sportsman, clubman and member of one of the first families of Philadelphia. And, even better than in the movies, she achieved this marvellous accomplishment without the slightest effort or difficulty. The romance is not so much like fiction of the screen or stage as a child's day-dream come true.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of this "Cinderella," who, in two steps, promoted herself from a dingy bedroom, over a grocery store, in a congested mill-worker's neighborhood, to the boudoir of a millionaire's mansion on fashionable Chestnut Hill, is that she did it without any of the man-catching lures and tricks, known as "vamping." Frances had no jewels nor any but the plainest and most inexpensive gown with which to catch a rich man's eye. That was unavoidable, but beyond that she neither painted, rouged, plucked her eyebrows, enamelled her finger nails, used perfume, nor even powder, except a little dab on the slightly freckled tip of her nose.

This unadorned, underprivileged girl of the mill slum was able to take that golden matrimonial prize away from Social Register debutantes who, year after year, had "set their caps for him" in vain. These society maidens were in his own set, where they could get at him easily. Also they had the money and leisure to try every improvement invented by the beauticians and to practice every lure invented by the best man-catching minds of Hollywood.

Yet Banker Welsh resisted, evaded and escaped from all these experts, only to give himself up to a simple and unadorned girl who had made no effort to chase him. Mr. Welsh intimates that this is perhaps just what landed him and that "heavy vamping," like high-pressure salesmanship, is no longer effective.

However, Frances did make one big and decisive move for herself, without which no such golden romance could have followed. Like every other daughter of the very poor, she must somehow get out of the poor surroundings of the poor and into the rich surroundings of the rich if she wanted a millionaire's eye to fall on her. The girl's father, Paul Sewzuk, had come over from the Ukraine, found himself a job in the Frankford textile mills, outside Philadelphia. A year later he had saved up enough money to send for his sweetheart. A year after their marriage Frances was born, followed by Cornelia, now 17, and Alice, who is 7.

Mr. Sewzuk held his job at the mills while his wife ran a delicatessen and grocery store so small that she could attend to customers and at the same time keep the little flat overhead, which was their home, and bring up the children. With this combined income they sent Frances through the Frankford High School and had no worries about taking care of the two younger sisters until the depression arrived.

Things then became so bad at the mills that Sewzuk came home and helped his wife in the store, adding a few new departments, including ice cream and haberdashery, but the income was not enough for the family. At this moment Frances, then 18, stepped out to look for a job when jobs were scarce.

Walking around the financial district of Philadelphia asking for a place as waitress in restaurants, she landed a job in a little sandwich shop, at the corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, right next door to the Welsh Brothers' banking offices. Where the girl still lived was a neighborhood in which no rich man would be likely to be caught dead unless he fell out of an airplane, but she was now working in a neighborhood where bankers, brokers and other rich business men were passing the door constantly.

Do financiers go to cheap restaurants? They do not for dinner, nor when they have to entertain someone for lunch, making an hour-long ceremony and indigestion of it. But when an executive wants to snatch a sandwich and a cup of coffee where nobody will intrude on his thoughts with conversation, that is just the place he selects.

One day when a tall, quiet man in his late fifties sat at her counter, she took little notice of him. He must be a stranger in town and, because of his heavy coat of tan, one of those sportsman playboys who never work, she thought. In actual fact, he was her "Fate," Robert Frazer Welsh, the banker next door, just back from a long hunting trip. Banker Welsh first noticed Frances because she was a new face in the place, but he kept on noticing because she interested him. Mr. Welsh is an outdoor man, likes healthy, normal people and hates artificialities such as paint, powder and perfume. His theory, which very few women accept, is that a good looking girl looks best without any sort of embellishments.

While munching a cinnamon bun and burning his lips on the hot coffee, Welsh compared this 100 per cent natural, blue-eyed blonde with the other girls and their countenances all "improved" in various degrees and decided that he was right. He should have known what is liable to happen to a man who studies a young and attractive woman. He liked the girl's deft, quick way of working and the intelligent, businesslike look in her eye. After two weeks of constant lunching at her counter, the banker asked his first needless question:

"Did you ever work in a restaurant before?"

"No, this is my first job."

The banker thought that here was a remarkably smart, capable girl to handle food so well in such a short time. He was right, but he did not know that in her mother's delicatessen store she had been helping prepare things to eat ever since she could remember.

"This is a fine wife for some honest working man," Mr. Welsh said to himself, and would have laughed had anyone suggested that he was that "honest working man."

As the months passed he began to fear that the man who was to win her might not be worthy. He asked more needless questions, and her answers revealed that she read the papers and had more sense about money than some of the business men to whom he had made loans. Her answers were terse and not once did she flirt with anyone. Though for six months he thought the girl's eye had never rested on him an unnecessary instant, she had sized him up, decided she liked him, and heard that he was a rich bachelor who had never even been engaged.

One noon, instead of giving an order, he asked the girl for her name and address. The cornflower blue eyes regarded him with the same expression as when he asked for something out of reason and she replied:

"I do not think I ought to give it to you. I have never gone out with anyone who comes in here as a customer, and I do not think it is the thing to do."

"But," he answered, smiling, "how would I be able to send you any flowers if you were sick?"

Frances made no reply to such a frivolous remark, but moved away to serve a ham sandwich and add up a check. The banker recaptured her by giving an order. When the blonde set it before him, he said again:

"Tell me your name. I may go on another hunting trip to Alaska or some other far place and if I do, how will I be able to write to you unless I know where?"

For some reason, perhaps because she had never been places, this caused the girl to relent.

"My name is Frances Sewzuk," she said. "I live with my parents at 1200 Adams Ave."

Banker Welsh thought he knew Philadelphia but he hadn't heard of Adams Ave. Frances explained that it was up in Frankfort, where he would never have reason to know of it. For three weeks conversation went no further and the girl wondered if Welsh had driven through that neighborhood, crowded with the innumerable children of the unemployed. One noon, as he was measuring sugar into his coffee, Welsh remarked that he was going to Delaware Water Gap for a few days and Frances said she had never been there.

"Maybe some day we'll go there together," was the banker's somewhat startling prophesy. The girl transferred her attentions to a newcomer three seats away.

"Anyway I'll write you from there, if you will reply by return mail," he said as he left. Frances made no promise, but when the post card came she answered it.

It was some weeks later that Mr. Welsh informed the waitress that he understood she worked bankers' hours.

"Do bankers go to work at 7:30 a. m.?" she asked.

"No," admitted Welsh, "but they quit at 3:30, just as you do, and this afternoon I would like the pleasure of driving you home."

"I guess you might as well," said Frances gravely. That afternoon the neighbors were astonished to see an expensive car, with liveried chauffeur, deposit Frances and an important looking man old enough to be her father in front of the little delicatessen store.

Mr. Sewzuk paused in his work of serving ice cream cones to little hands that were already sticky, and shook hands with the banker. From there he went upstairs to meet the rest of the family. The visitor stayed two hours and the neighbors wondered—so did Frances. Would she ever see him again or had the restaurant lost a customer? At the very next noon hour he appeared with an invitation to the movies. Since he had met the family there was no reason for turning him down just because he was a banker. From then on, several times a week, they dined and saw shows together.

Then came a day when Frances was invited to meet his family. The girl dreaded the ordeal, but to her delight found that everyone, including his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Welsh, in their spacious old stone mansion on Chestnut Hill, seemed to be just nice, quiet, sincere people, at heart no different from her own parents. She liked them and knew they liked her.

"Which one do you pick?" Welsh asked her a few afternoons later as she got into his car. His hand was full of engagement rings. Some were big solitaires, but Frances chose one with an oblong central stone and a cluster of smaller diamonds down each side of the platinum band. Then came the formal announcement at a large dinner given in Frances' honor by Mrs. Joseph Sailer, one of Welsh's society friends. For the first time the girl wore a formal evening gown and again, instead of an ordeal, the event turned out to be a triumph for Frances. It is not the banker's fault that there will be a moratorium on the wedding until the Fall. He says:

"We are in love with each other and that is all there is to it. I want to be married right away, but the date is to be fixed by Frances. Whatever she says goes. She is as acceptable to my family as she is to me. They recognize her as a fine, sensible girl who is possessed of business capability. My mother idolizes her. It is not a question of age or nationality any more than it is of money; it is only Love."

"I love him more than I thought I would ever love anyone," Frances says. "I had gone out a lot with boys, of course, but after I met Mr. Welsh they did not seem important at all. I was never engaged before, and Mr. Welsh said he was not either. I could hardly understand how he managed not to get married before this, and asked him how it happened. And he said that he had never met the right girl before. Oh, he's wonderful!"

Miss Frances Sewzuk, the Sandwich Shop Waitress, All Dressed Up for an Evening With Her Rich Fiance.

So Every Day the Rich Banker Took His Seat at the Sandwich Counter and Lingered Long Over His Lunch as He Chatted With the Little Waitress. Nobody Among His Fashionable Social Acquaintances Interested Him So Much as This Simple Young Immigrant Girl.

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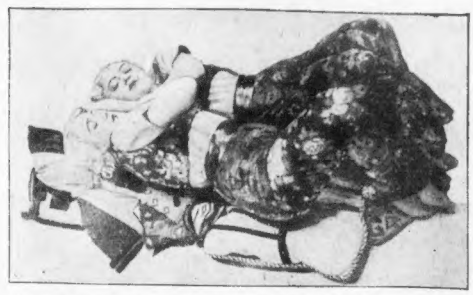
It's All Done With Mirrors

This Weird Effect by a Berlin Photographer is Somewhat Puzzling Until It Is Revealed That the Woman's Photograph Was Made as She Sat on a Plate Glass Mirror.

Right — The Camera Operator Made This "Shot" Through a Skylight, with the Subjects Showing Double by Reclining on a Reflector.



There's Really Only One Young Woman in This Photograph, But There Was a Large Looking Glass Behind Her to Create the Illusion.

GERMAN photographers excel in "trick" photography. They take their pictures from unorthodox angles and add to the strange effect of their camera studies of people and objects by the use of unusual and imaginative lighting effects. But a Berlin photographer, working on a series of pictures with which he hopes to win a prize in an exhibition, seems to have outdone all his colleagues with what he calls his "reflectographs," three of which are shown on this page.

Unless these pictures are studied very carefully it is difficult to tell just how they were made, so cleverly has the originator placed his subjects and the mirrors in which they are reflected. He has heightened the confusing and fascinating effect of his pictures by painting out certain parts of the floor and the walls on his negatives.

One of the pictures on this page shows a young woman, apparently in her boudoir. At first glance it is hard to tell which is the girl and which is her reflection, and no matter how the picture is turned the effect still is befuddling. The trick is simple, however, when it is explained. The girl is sitting on a mirror, and the camera is catching her reflection and the reflection of a shoe she has removed, in the looking-glass laid horizontally and beneath her.

Another of the "reflectographs" shows two girls—although the camera seemed to catch a picture of four individuals or, perhaps, two sets of twins. This "shot" is a study, too, until it is known that the subjects are lying on the floor, facing the camera, and that their likenesses are reflected in a large mirror before them on the floor.

The Berlin photographer does not always put his reflecting surfaces on the floor. Sometimes he places them vertically to lend variety to his somewhat bizarre pictures. The other photograph on this page—the one with the good-looking fraulein resting on a cushion—was made in this manner. She is lying with her face turned towards the looking-glass, so that she appears to be one of a pair of comely Siamese twins.

Whether the ingenious Berlin photographer will take one or more coveted prizes with his "reflectographs" remains to be seen. He thinks he will because he has made several of the pictures which will be seen by no one until they are entered in the competition. These are made, he says, not with the aid of one mirror, but with two or three mirrors set at angles to each other, to get effects which, he confides, "surprises even me."

Divorce Plans That Precede Marriage

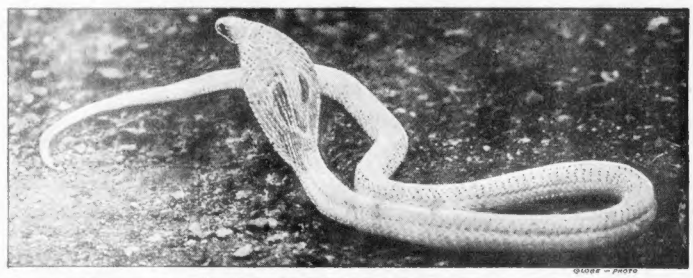
NOT only do Mohammedan Persians countenance divorce, but they settle the terms of alimony, if any, long before the marriage takes place.

When a Persian couple become engaged the respective families get together at a domestic conference to decide how much money the husband-to-be shall pay if, at any time following the wedding, he should decide to dispose of his bride. This money is called "kaben," and usually varies in amount from one to ten thousand dollars. In the case of extremely wealthy families the possible alimony settlement may run as high as $25,000.

An agreement reached, representatives of the engaged couple appear before their priest and have him write letters, one for husband and one for wife, testifying to the amount of "kaben" decided upon. These letters are called "kabenletra."

If, and when, the husband grows tired of his wife he simply pays the amount called for by the "kaben" and is free to marry again. But there's a catch to this odd business, for, if the husband wishes, he may be extremely cruel to his wife, in the hope that she eventually will cry "Kabenam Halai," which means that she will forfeit the amount of "kaben" if only her husband will let her go. This practice is, it seems, an old Persian custom.

Moslem law also requires that if a husband divorce and remarry the same woman twice, and then divorce her again, he cannot remarry her until she has been wedded to another man. Because Persians are hot-tempered there are many such cases, and as a result many men earn fair incomes as professional husbands. For a set fee they will marry any woman and divorce her ten minutes after the wedding, thus enabling her original husband to take her back without violating the law.



Wide World photo

One of the Rarest of Serpents—the White Cobra, a Perfect Specimen, Recently Sent from India to Join the Snake Family in London's Zoo.

London Zoo's Rare White Cobra

PERHAPS the rarest and most beautiful of all reptiles in the snake house of the London zoo is the white cobra which recently came to the British capital from the jungles of India. In his native country this snow-white serpent probably would be kept in the yard of some temple and worshiped by the superstitious natives, for among certain religious sects in India these colorless creatures are looked upon in much the same way as white elephants are in the nearby realm of Siam.

To the learned zoologists of the Western world there is nothing sacred or supernatural about a white cobra. They know that this rare snake is just another cobra, which, by some strange freak of nature, did not have the proper elements in its make-up to take on the colors of the other members of its species. In short, the sacred white cobra is nothing more remarkable than an albino. Certain of its organs and glands didn't function normally, and its scales failed to take on the hues which distinguish the hides of the familiar and dreaded hooded cobra.

It is not unusual for swarthy faced visitors to the London zoo to prostrate themselves before the white serpent and mumble prayers which are unintelligible to the rather surprised spectators in the vicinity.

No More Picnics In the Graveyard

AMONG the many problems which recently have confronted the city fathers of Ogden, Utah, and spurred them to legislative action is the odd habit which some of their constituents have of occasionally packing a lunch and walking, or driving, to the cemetery to enjoy an outdoor picnic.

Somehow this practice seemed out of whack with common sense, especially when some of the picknickers did not take the trouble to clean up paper bags, cardboard boxes and similar litter when they were through their outings within sight of the cemetery's tombs and gravestones.

So the members of the City Commission talked the matter over, took a vote and ordered written into the municipal code several laws which will, if they are enforced, put a stop to graveyard picknicking. To be sure that no one misunderstands the new rules, the powers-that-be have made it plain that no one is to take refreshments inside the gates of the burial ground.

While they were, by their authority, taking care of the picnic problem, the Commissioners passed a few laws affecting the operation of the cemetery. Henceforth the superintendent of the cemetery will refuse to let anyone bury more than one body in a single grave—except a mother and her infant child, and twins. He also will see to it that the employes of the burial ground have holidays like other people. To assure them these days of rest, burials on New Year's Day, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Labor Day and Independence Day will not be made in the future, except in extraordinary cases.

Has a Mountain of Gold But Scorns Every Luxury

READERS of the American Weekly will recall the publication in this magazine some weeks ago of the story of Clarence Jordan, the Washington State prospector who dug some thirty pounds of gold from a mountainside and, to the amazement of his neighbors, announced that he was in no hurry to find out how much of the precious metal there is on his sizable claim.

Since then a representative of the American Weekly has called on Jordan and learned that the potential millionaire still is taking his discovery calmly, although the news of his lucky strike has caused a rush of excited wealth seekers to Swank Valley, in which Jordan's claim lies.

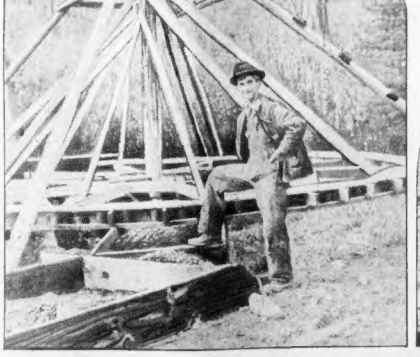
While he watches the frenzied activity of a small army of sourdoughs, professional and amateur, he maintains a stoic calm and lets them hustle around for some of the kind of riches that he knows is buried in his mountain in unknown quantities.

"What's the sense of taking it all out at once?" he inquires when someone asks him why he doesn't mine his gold. "No, sir; she's safe in that mountain, and until I need some of it there she stays. When I get old I got two boys that can dig it, and what's nicer than a mountain full of gold to leave your family when you have to go?"

Jordan, a thin, angular man with a shaggy shock of hair and a pair of keen blue eyes, welcomes all visitors amiliingly and tells them the story of his rich strike. But he takes no one to the hole in the ground from which he recently took thirty pounds of gold in less than half an hour. Nor does he invite them into his modest home, where, it is rumored, he has some of the ore stored in cans and jars.

Mrs. Jordan, despite the fact that she's been a hard-working woman all her life, shares her husband's almost unbelievably calm attitude toward the wealth that can be theirs with a little work. She sees no sense in digging it out faster than they need it, and so long as her husband keeps his eyes on his claim and his six-shooter in working condition she believes the gold is safer in the ground than it would be anywhere else.

Clarence Jordan Panning Dirt in His Crude Sluice Box in His Tent at the Base of His Mountain of Gold in Central Washington.



An Old-Fashioned Home-Made Arrastras, or Arrester, Run by Water Power. Ore Is Dumped Into It and Pulverized Preparatory to Panning.

Prospector Jordan Standing in the Hole from Which He Scooped 30 Pounds of Loose Gold in as Many Minutes.

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Studying Human Smells

Science Explains That Your Skin Emits Various Chemical Substances and, as No Two Finger-prints Are the Same, So Also No Two Individuals Have Quite the Same Odor

It Has Been Suggested That the Keener Sense of Smell of a Dog May Be Due to the Layer of Olfactory Cells Spread Over the Long Area Inside His Snout—Four or Five Times As Large As the Human Nose.

There Is Wide Variation in the Acuteness of the Sense of Smell in Various Persons. While Anybody Can Detect and Is Repelled by the Smell of an Oyster, for Instance, Which Is Not Fit to Eat, Yet Some People Do Not Object to Odors Which Are Highly Offensive to Others, Indeed, Some Noses Are Entirely Unable to Detect Smells Which Are Easily Smelt by Other More Sensitive Noses

The Old Idea That an "Odor of Sanctity" Surrounds Some of the Old Saints May Possibly Have Been True.

Photo Martin Johnson.

Some of the Lower Orders of Mankind Have Highly Sensitive Organs of Smell. Native Trackers in the East Indian Islands Are Reported to Be Able to Distinguish by Smell the Track of a Frenchman Through the Forest Jungle from the Apparently Entirely Similar Track of a Native.

Dogs Rely Less Upon Their Eyes, and Identify Friends or Enemies by What Their Noses Tell Them.

It Was Customary in Earlier Times to "Smell Out" a Witch, and at the Present Day Witch Doctors in Africa Perform a "Smelling Out" Ceremony. Science Finds That There May Be Some Justification in This, Although, of Course, the Individual Odor Does Not Prove the Person to Be a "Witch."

IT WAS not so many years ago that science discovered that no two thumb-prints are exactly alike, and now it is suspected that the skin of every human being gives off an odor which is slightly different from any other human being. Dogs with their acute sense of smell recognize the shoes, hats, clothes of each member of the household, and some human beings have an acuteness of smell almost equal to a dog's. Indian trackers in the East Indian Islands are reported by Dr. N. E. McIndoo to be able to distinguish by smell the track of a Frenchman through the forest from the apparently entirely similar track of a native. And the famous British psychologist, Dr. Havelock Ellis, once examined an East Indian house servant who could distinguish the clothing of the different members of a household by the slight traces of skin odors which clung to them—exactly as a dog does.

Just as the finger-print discovery has led to extremely valuable practical results in crime detection, and in other ways, so science now believes that the chemical substances the human skin emits and the various odors that result may open a wide field of practical value to mankind.

Nobody plans for detectives to run on all fours with nose to the ground, after law-breakers, because dogs will always be able to do that better, but it is quite possible that the sense of smell may be used in other ways to catch, identify and convict them. Convicts, in addition to finger-prints, photographs and Bertillon measurements, may, in the future, have their individual skin odor taken and classified. Burglars go to great pains not to leave finger-prints, but to avoid leaving behind samples of their skin odor may be more difficult.

When the police arrive on the scene they will not be able to identify anyone by sniffing the air, but there are other possibilities. If the crime is done by a man who has no record, his smell will be unknown but so will be his finger-prints. But if he is a man who has "done time," it might be possible to have samples of his prison clothing in airtight containers. Could dogs be trained to sniff around the scene of the crime and then pick out the sample belonging to the man who did it?

Dr. Erich Ebstein, of Leipzig, German, has suggested training dogs for a rather similar purpose, to diagnose diseases in hospitals. It has long been known that diseases have their own characteristic smells, some so unmistakable that anyone with experience can hardly miss it. There are many cases where a doctor calling to treat some lesser ailment has detected the odor of cancer in a house and, calling the supposedly well members of the household been able to diagnose it in someone who had no suspicion that anything serious ailed him. Typhoid has its characteristic smell, and a German physician, Dr. H. Assmann, reports a faint but recognizable smell from patients with chronic heart disease. He describes it as "sweetish, slightly aromatic, somewhat like that of milk." Dr. Curran Pope, of Louisville, Ky., a well-known American, urging the study of skin odor, says that pellagra smells like mouldy bread and lists half a dozen others which his nose knows how to diagnose.

It might be probable to train a pack of hounds each taught to look for one particular disease by its odor. When the pack is let into the ward of a hospital the "pneumonia hound" is expected to sniff his way to the cot of the patient that has it, while the "typhoid" and other hounds are looking for their specialties.

The fact is that the human nose though poorer than many in the animal kingdom is good enough for a surprising amount of this detective work if trained. In a Los Angeles court room a blind man was able to identify by smell the man who had robbed him. Professor Frederick Tilney of Columbia University drove with the famous deaf, dumb and blind woman, Miss Helen Keller, along a road where she was able to tell him by sense of smell that they were passing open fields, a small patch of woods, some large buildings, a house with a fire in an open fireplace and finally a printing plant from which she smelled printer's ink. Yet subsequent tests proved that her sense of smell is no keener than the average. She has merely trained it until she knows what she smells.

Just as every finger-print is slightly different from all others so in all probability is the skin odor of every individual different from all others who ever lived. The reason for this is that the bloodstream contains many different kinds of chemicals, and the variety of slightly different smells that these can send out through the skin, depending on the combined action of all the organs, is beyond computation. The dog knows his master's smell on his glove better than the man's banker knows his signature on a check. It cannot be forged.

One of the things that affects the skin odor so profoundly that human noses can often recognize it, is an abnormal mental state. The cold sweat, the pallor of fear, the flush of shame or anger go with violent changes of skin circulation and blood-chemistry. One of Dr. Pope's patients found that strong emotion causes a "horsey" odor. The dog's nose tells him when his master is sick, worried, frightened or intoxicated. There is probability that every mental state has its own smell.

The ancients having no scientific instruments were forced to rely on their senses and powers of observation which, like Miss Keller's nose, were trained far beyond the powers of modern civilized people. Realizing that fact the old custom of "smelling out" witches and other malefactors no longer seems quite such superstitious nonsense and may have had a solid basis. Witches were half-crazy unfortunates and probably many people today could be trained to "smell out" such persons. Certainly any dog could do so, if the animal could be made to understand what sort of smell to seek.

The "odor of sanctity" said to have surrounded the persons and clothes of certain saints, very likely was no myth of the imagination but based like most beliefs of the past, upon something real, even though misunderstood. The peculiarly exalted mental state of these unusual personages would be expected to go with a certain skin odor, different from normal people. The noses and powers of observation so thoroughly trained by ancient peoples would hardly have failed to note this peculiarity.

This suggests considering seriously an even more interesting curiosity of the past, the halo, which old painters placed around the heads of holy persons and which, in later generations, became conventionalized into a shining rim above their heads.

There must have been a reason for those halos. Twisted, confused, exaggerated and misunderstood, though they may be, the ancients rarely seem to have deliberately invented anything out of whole cloth. Some persons must have honestly believed that they saw some sort of light hovering around the holy individuals. What could it have been?

Dr. J. H. Kenneth, distinguished Scottish psychologist and student of the science of smells, which is known as "osmics," offers a theory which may provide the explanation. These halos may have been the same as the "turas" or fringes of color-like light, which certain persons today claim to see, like luminous shells, surrounding heads and bodies of people at times. Those gifted with this peculiar ability have offered various explanations, but Dr. Kenneth believed that these persons who see auras really belong to the small but well-known class of persons whose sense impulses are likely to get mixed up with each other in their brains, so that they see colors when they should hear musical sounds, perceive other colors when they taste certain flavors, hear sounds accompanying sights of various kinds or perceive color sensations when the real sense impulse is one of smell. There even is on record one Parisian individual who got his sense impressions so much mixed up that he smelled the burning wicks of candles whenever he listened to church music over the radio.

Thus it is quite possible that while the normal persons in the crowds that thronged wonderingly about the saints of old were able to note the odor of sanctity, a few others "saw" this odor as a sort of aura and described it as a light. Since it is impossible to paint a smell, the devout old artists seized upon the descriptions of the auras. There was something they could show on canvas effectively.

Cases of mixing up smell and other sensations in the mind centers are by no means infrequent. Dr. Ernest M. Seydell, of Wichita, Kan., has reported, for example, a person to whom the smell of geranium caused a sensation of deep red color. Another person "smelled" garlic as deep green. Still another smelled a bad odor whenever she heard a false note played on a musical instrument. Many psychologists have described the not unusual cases of what is called "color-hearing," in which persons "hear" a certain musical chord or composition as deep blue, another as red or violet, still another as a featureless gray, and so on.

There is no doubt that every person is surrounded by an aura, different from anyone's else but it is an aura not of light but of smell, consisting of millions of molecules of odorous matter given off by the skin. It must not be supposed that these faint skin smells are always unpleasant, sometimes they are quite the reverse. Poets have written many verses to the natural "perfume of a lady's hair." The study of osmics brings out many curious facts about the scorned and neglected human nose. Many persons reading over old letters written by grandparents are surprised to see mentioned the "sweet perfume" of flowers which today are considered to be practically odorless. From this it was guessed that flowers are degenerating, but this seems not to be true.

The smell is still there, but the modern nose, affronted by such a multiplicity of the new odors of civilization, has taught itself to ignore all but the strongest and most important, quite as the ears of city-dwellers have been trained to ignore the general tumult of the city.

Noses like ears, can quickly renew their old sensitivity. People who have spent many hours in Mammoth Cave are astonished to find how strong the fields, flowers and other vegetation smell when they step out. The reason is that they have rested their noses as far as those smells are concerned. Incidentally the sense of smell tires quickly. The old axiom, "the first sniff is the best sniff," is scientifically correct. Anyone who thinks he detects a smell of illuminating gas, but, after sniffing around, decides he is mistaken, had better step outside, rest his nose, and try it again. He probably was right the first time.

Though the faint skin-smell auras do not disturb our consciousness, they are reaching the brain just the same and impressing the subconscious mind. This gives a reason for the otherwise unaccountable unpopularity of some individuals, and also the reverse. The sense of smell is powerfully hooked up with intuitive likes and dislikes. A horse that has never seen a carnivorous animal bigger than the house-cat or dog, is quite likely to tip over the carriage and run away if it happens to cross a street where a circus parade has recently passed.

The horse does not say to itself: "There are lions and tigers around here." All it knows is that it is strongly prejudiced against the creature that gives off that smell and wants to get out of the neighborhood. Women put perfume on themselves in the belief that man will be prejudiced in favor of moving into the close proximity of the lady who has it.

When the true value of the nose in detection of crime, diagnosis of disease and doubtless many other useful possibilities have been developed, men and women with exceptionally keen sense of smell will find themselves in demand. Noses, like eyes, ears and muscles vary greatly. There are glasses for poor eyesight, various contraptions for those who are hard of hearing—will someone ever invent a device for aiding the sense of smell? There are already devices which detect gases so faint that no living creature would notice them.

A big nose today is a joke, but in the future it may be much admired, when "smellers" are highly paid. Even now a nose may be a man's most valuable asset without his suspecting it and the basis of his success. For instance, the founder and the present head of the banking house of J. P. Morgan are famous for their ample noses, also for an uncanny ability to decide intuitively whether any man's character makes him a safe risk to back with a lot of money. It may be that they actually, though subconsciously "smell out" the mental characteristics of success or failure. Incidentally many people who have shaped the history of the world had unusually prominent noses, and Napoleon is said to have selected his generals by the size of their noses.

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His Companionate Divorce

BECAUSE he wants to spend his declining years in travel, Joseph Bartholome of Wichita, Kansas, nearing his seventy-sixth birthday, has created a new development in matrimony—he has changed his companionate marriage into a "companionate divorce."

His unusual marriage "by contract," and his even more unusual divorce came to light recently when Judge Grover Pierpont, district court, granted him an emergency decree of divorce from Mrs. Rose Bartholome, some 20 years Bartholome's junior.

The emergency? He wanted to leave right away for Chicago, there to take in the Century of Progress, and to visit with friends of his younger days, when he was warden of the Illinois state prison at Joliet.

There was no vital disagreement between the couple, no serious difference of opinion, he and Mrs. Bartholome told reporters. They just agreed to try a "companionate divorce."

"We have had three years of marriage by contract," the ex-wife said, while Bartholome stood nearby, nodding approvingly as she explained the divorce to newsmen. "Now we will continue to live by contract without the marriage ties.

"There are no ill feelings between Mr. Bartholome and myself, and our home life is as congenial as it was during our married life."

The Bartholomes did not make public the terms of their pre-marital contract, which expired at the end of the three years. It is understood it had to do with the division of his property, in case of death, and the care of Mrs. Bartholome's daughter by a first marriage.

The terms of the divorce contract are matters of court record, however, and have excited much interest. Under the terms of the decree, Bartholome turns over eight pieces of property, including the home, to his ex-wife. In return she is to furnish him his home, cook for him, and care for him the rest of his life. They will reside in the same house.

Mr. Bartholome, 76, and Mrs. Bartholome, Twenty Years Younger, Decided Upon a "Companionate Divorce." So Both Could Travel Where They Pleased, but With the House Always Open to Return to "Companionately" or Singly.

In addition, Mrs. Bartholome must pay him $2,000, at the rate of $10 a month. A promissory note covering such payments over a period of 16 years is part of the agreement. In case Bartholome dies before the full sum is paid, his ex-wife-housekeeper is to remove the body of his son from Oklahoma to a cemetery in Wichita.

Bartholome and his wife laughed and joked about the change in their marital status.

"You're just a roomer in the house now," Mrs. Bartholome told the old man.

His eyes twinkled as he shot back:

"Oh, yeah? You're not so much yourself now. Just my housekeeper, you know."

"We have our likes and dislikes the same as all couples," Mrs. Bartholome continued. "Mr. Bartholome likes to travel and is planning to attend the world's fair in Chicago. He has a lot of friends and relatives in Illinois, and he wants to see them all again. And he says he has lots of places he hasn't seen yet, and intends to visit as many of them as possible in the next few years."

Under their companionate divorce, Bartholome pointed out, each will be able to travel when and where he or she pleases, secure in the knowledge that the home awaits in Wichita.

"We'll always have it here, and when we're tired traveling, there will be some place to return to," he said. "Mrs. Bartholome has arranged to have it kept open when she is out of town."

In the divorce petition, Bartholome alleged the formal charges of neglect of duty, setting forth that they were married in June, 1930, and that his wife had neglected him since January 8, 1933.

Ruined By The Lure Of The South Sea Islands

PAPEETE, Tahiti.

ON THE little island of Moorea, in the South Seas, a little over a month ago, was enacted a tragedy of the lure of these tropical islands. Jim Eaton, young son of a California farmer, had heard as little of the South Seas as he had heard or knew of Africa or Greenland before he went to see a movie at the village theatre. Shortly after this he listened one night to a radio publicity talk extolling the beauty of the natives of Tahiti, their unconventional lives and loves, and how a man could live there on 60 cents a week.

There was the life, thought he—no more back-breaking labor on the farm; no need to work—fish in the lagoon, bread-fruit on the trees, and all the delicious fruits within easy reach of the hand, and yours for the picking. The talk about the affectionate women intrigued him not so much. True, there had been the usual boy and girl attachment of the grade school period, and later on an occasional trip to San Francisco. But, on the whole, he was a clean-minded, strong-limbed, simple country boy.

The radio talk of that night filled his mind for days and weeks. Finally he decided to draw the $1,000 he had in the savings bank and go down to this land of ease and plenty, and to spend the rest of his life down there, doing nothing.

Money Gone, Romantic Tahiti's Lure of "Do-as-You-Please" (if You Can Afford It) Vanished, Young Jim Eaton Hanged Himself, Was Cut Down by His Native Sweetheart Before Dead, but Tried Again, and This Time Succeeded in Getting Rid of All His Troubles.

The ten-day trip down was a delightful experience. There were 32 other men in the third class on the boat—a motley assortment: young men from big cities, worldly wise, but, who, like him, had heard the radio talk; older men caught in the maelstrom of unemployment and the depression, going down to live cheaply until the Democrats would have a chance to bring back the long-promised prosperity. There was the enthusiastic though insane young writer, who, though nothing he had written had ever been accepted by unappreciative editors, was going down to write a best seller. The young art student who had just heard of Gauguin, and was going down to paint girls in scarlet waist bands. The smart-aleck young newspaper reporter who knew he was going to do a travel story, the young aviator who was going to start an air-service between the islands, the lecturer, lately bitten with the bug of Technocracy, who was going down to rest; the young engineer, the radio announcer, the advocate of nudism, the young college man who rebelled at being trammelled by the hated bonds of convention. All these, and many more from many places and different stations in life, were embarked on the Great Adventure.

Interesting days these were on shipboard, and Jim was experiencing a new delight associating with types of people he had never realized existed. With the warmer days, the heat of the tropical sun from overhead, as the ship rode on through the blue sea, more and more time was spent in talking of the anticipated joys, and gradually the proposed work of each one was lost sight of in anticipation of the nights with the dark-eyed, silken-haired beauties that have been the lure of men since the days of Cook and Melville.

The arrival at Tahiti met adequately all the extravagant adjectives of the steamship folder. It was all there: the coral reef, the shimmering lagoon, the cocoanut trees, the fantastic mountains—and the girls.

Jim met Noelie at Tony's bar that afternoon; true, a few of her front teeth were missing, and she was a bit plump, and rather inclined to giggle most of the time. Still she was jolly and she seemed to understand Jim, though he spoke no French and, of course, no Tahitian, and her stock of pidgin English was limited to the necessary questions and answers of the sailors and tourists she had met while plying her trade on the Quai du Commerce.

There followed days and nights such as Jim had never before even dreamed of—trips up into the mountains, down to the beach, around the island. Noelie, well schooled, knew that it was not wise to "rush the sucker," knew that more might be had by not making large demands at the start. She was agreeable to all suggestions, a pleasant companion; and, when asked, knew many interesting places to go and things to do, but never urged or made demands.

They still lived in Jim's room in the Hotel du Port, and both now wore the Tiare Tahiti over one of their ears, that the world might know they were not seeking adventure or love. They went on the schooners to the islands of the Society Group, Raiatea, Bora-Bora, Huaheine, and even to the more remote Paumotas.

Finally the money dwindled, and Jim mentioned to Noelie that it was costing too much money to continue to live at the hotel and eat in restaurants as they had been doing. She suggested that they move over to Moorea and live with her family. Jim accepted, thinking here would be the life he had heard about in the radio talk and seen in the movie.

The family welcomed him, the brother, Matu, whose sweetheart had just died and who had not yet replaced her, invited them to live in his house. There were dinners and dances to welcome Noelie's new tane (man). Days of luxurious ease and nights of dancing made time pass quickly, but the inroads into the small amount of money left soon became very apparent, and Jim told Noelie he could no longer afford to buy the wine and rum for the nightly feasts and dancing.

The days lagged now. The nights were not so interesting without dancing and music. Noelie, too, was thinking of the fine times she was missing in Papeete with the sailors and their ready money.

The courier brought Jim a letter from home telling him that his father had lost the farm, and then more details of bread lines, and the other troubles of the tired and jobless. He told Noelie of his troubles, and her instant ready sympathy soothed and comforted him. But she was gone soon after to go fishing with Tioni. He remembered now that she had been doing much fishing through the day with Tioni lately, and also that she had been gone quite often in the evenings, too.

When she returned late that night he asked where she had been. She answered evasively that she had been to see her cousin Matu-ei and a few of the girls and boys. He told her then that he would kill himself if she ever left him for someone else.

Here was a new thought, entirely foreign to Noelie's primitive mind—a poppaa (white man) to kill himself because his vahine sought love elsewhere. No white man had ever before done such a thing, and certainly no Tahitian wou'i. Noelie pondered the thought and pictured the limelight in which she would bask—why, no island girl had ever achieved such notoriety.

Jim awakened early in the morning and told Noelie he was going out to hang himself. She laughed—and he went on out of the house.

When he did not soon return, she went out and found him hanging by the neck from a purau tree in the back yard. She quickly cut him down with a cocoanut knife and used native revivification methods. When she was assured he had regained consciousness she called to her family for help.

The tri-weekly launch for Papeete left that morning, and Jim was carried aboard. The doctor in Papeete decided his injuries were not serious, and the authorities thought it best that Jim be sent back to America on the northbound boat due to leave there the next day.

Jim was brought back to the same room in the Hotel du Port which he and Noelie had occupied some months before. She was most solicitous for his comfort through the day, but that night the lure of the streets could not be resisted, and she went out to seek what the night had to offer, confident it would not disappoint her.

A sailor in a room across the hall, celebrating his shore leave appropriately with revelry, heard the noise of something heavy falling followed by a groan. He rushed over and found Jim hanging from the transom.

The body was sent back to the States the next morning, and Noelie's grief, appropriate at the pier, was as short lived as beautiful island flowers, for before the ship had passed the break in the reef she was en route to Tony's Bar with a young French sailor.

Drugged His Victims

RENE CHADAFAUX, the gigolo, was perfectly charming when he danced with unescorted ladies who came to visit the night clubs and dance halls of Montmartre and Montparnasse, in Paris.

He charged nothing but the customary fee for his evening's services as professional escort and dancing partner. He even spent his own money, at the close of the evening, for extra champagne, which he insisted must be taken along in the taxicab when he escorted his lady charge to her home or hotel.

There was a reason for this, as the police discovered when they went to arrest Rene. The reason was that in the taxicab it was usually pretty dark, and when Rene served his fair companion a glass of champagne he also served her, out of a vial he took from his vest pocket, some knock-out drops. This caused the lady to perform what is known in the parlance of serious drinkers as the act of "passing out."

When the taxicab had reached the lady's destination, Rene would have an excited consultation with the driver.

"This poor lady," he would exclaim in his excellent French, "is, unhappily, 'blotto.' You must help me get her to her apartment."

Having seen her completely home, Rene himself then passed out—in a different way—with the lady's pearl necklace or her diamond wrist watch or other jewelry he had stolen from her while she was drugged in the taxicab. When the woman awoke to the realization that something had happened but she could not remember just what, she was usually too ashamed of having drunk so much, or of having associated with a Paris gigolo, to make a report of it to the police.

The women on whom these night life specialists prey are usually visiting matrons from England or America, giddy things who are old enough to know better but who are willing to take a chance in order to be able to say that they have visited the haunts of the Latin Quarter and have danced with a "real gigolo." As a rule they would not have their husbands learn about these adventures for anything in the world, and so when they have been made the victims of crooked gigolos and have been robbed of their money and jewelry, they say nothing about it.

Gigolo Rene's Favorite Stunt Was to Invite His Lady Patrons Into a Taxi, Produce Champagne, Divert Their Attention, Pour Knock-Out Drops Into Their Drink and Then Rob Them While They Slept.

There were two women, however, who were so angry about their expensive taxicab rides with Rene that they reported their troubles to the police, who thoughtfully declined to give their names to the newspapers. One of them complained that she had been robbed by Chadafaux of money and jewelry to the extent of $7,500. The other one declared that she had been left drugged in a taxicab—with the meter running, too—after Rene had stopped the cab and stepped out for a moment "to make a purchase," taking with him her jewels worth $6,000.

In this instance Rene had not seen his victim all the way home, but had left the taxicab driver to worry with her after he had disappeared. The driver had sat in his seat for half an hour without looking back, motor and meter running all the time, while his lady fare slept and his gentleman fare was putting distance behind him.

Chadafaux is thirty years old and was considered one of the most successful dancers in Paris night life circles. But now the chances are he will have to learn a new step—the lock-step.

Saint Bernard Dogs For Desolate Thibet

ST. BERNARD dogs, which for a thousand years have been saving the lives of wayfarers in the Alps, soon will be doing the same kind of work in the Himalaya Mountains of Thibet. Monks of the St. Augustine order in Switzerland, who have bred and trained these dogs at the Great St. Bernard hospice in the Alps, have been sent to the Far East to establish a refuge of the same kind near the southern boundary of Thibet, in the Si-La Pass.

Through this break in the Himalayas great numbers of pilgrims travel from India and elsewhere to the Thibetan shrines, and thousands of traders also. There is no shelter for them and nobody there to help them if they get in trouble. Every year hundreds die from exposure and injuries due to the hazards of mountain climbing, so the good monks of Switzerland have decided to extend their relief work to the Himalayas.

The Great St. Bernard hospice, 8,114 feet above sea level in the Alps, was founded in the year 962 by St. Bernard de Menthon, and for nearly ten centuries its work of life-saving and of service to humanity has never stopped. Here the monks originated the breed of St. Bernard dogs, a strong and courageous animal well suited to life in the mountains. The training of these dogs to go out and search for travelers in distress is an important part of the St. Augustine brothers' work, and every Winter season the four-legged heroes add new rescues to the long record.

In recent years the relief work of the brothers has been gradually modernized. Telephone and radio service and motor tractors have added a machine-age touch to life-saving in the Alps, but no invention will ever take the place of the dogs. They can go into difficult places in the snow, in drifts and crevasses and down icy precipices where men cannot go with safety, and they can find a traveler lost in a blinding snowstorm and go back and bring help to him.

Snowdrifts in the St. Bernard Pass are often fifteen or twenty feet deep, and, though the region is seldom visited by tourists for eight or nine months of the year, poor shepherds and others still have to travel there. The monks and their St. Bernard dogs, of which they have always kept a pack of twenty, are expert mountaineers who know how to work together.

Two years ago the monks decided that another establishment like that of St. Bernard would prove of service to humanity in the Himalayas. Two of the brothers, Canon Melly and Canon Coquoz, set out on a pilgrimage to Lhasa, the Buddhist sacred city in Thibet, and there they visited the Grand Lama and interested him in their project.

Canons Melly and Coquoz returned to Switzerland and made plans for another mission to visit Thibet, this time equipped for the actual building of the hospice. Accompanied by Brother Louis Dux and Robert Chappelet, a layman who is acting as the chief of construction, they went back to the Himalayas this Summer, and the building of the hospice in Si-La Pass is now under way. Owing to the long and tedious journey to Thibet, they did not take their St. Bernard dogs with them. The dogs will not be sent until the building is completed and everything is ready for them to begin their relief work. The monks also plan to train native dogs of Thibet as life-savers.

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Mother Has No Pity For Murdered Daughter

FERDINAND OE, who killed his unfaithful wife, was freed by a Paris jury the other day after his wife's mother and sister had taken the stand and defended him.

"It is she who was the guilty one," said the mother, sobbing as she took the witness stand. "My son-in-law was always good. He loved my daughter."

"You have not a word of regret for your daughter?" broke in the judge.

"No. I am doing this because my conscience tells me it is right."

The prosecuting attorney, dumbfounded by this turn of affairs, jumped to his feet.

"In all the twenty years I have been pleading at this bar," he shouted, "this is the first time I have ever seen a mother without pity for her murdered daughter."

"She has paid," exclaimed the judge indignantly, and it is supposed he was talking about the daughter. The scene in the courtroom became so painful that the judge ordered the witness, Madame Thomassin, removed without further questioning.

She was followed on the stand by a sister of the dead woman, and this witness also had nothing good to say for the faithless wife, but repeated her mother's plea to the jury to be lenient with Ferdinand Oe.

The jury retired and was not out very long. It returned with a verdict finding Ferdinand guilty "with extenuating circumstances" and fixing five years' imprisonment. But under the First Offender's Act in France, the jurors knew the defendant would be immediately released. He will not have to serve his sentence unless he commits another crime during the next ten years, an arrangement somewhat like the parole system in various States of America.

The jury thought the circumstances of the crime were somewhat pathetic from Ferdinand Oe's point of view. He is a man of thirty-four who not long ago broke down in health and was ordered by his doctors to leave Paris and go to one of the distant French provinces to recuperate in a sanatorium. While he was fighting for his life, he began to receive anonymous letters from his neighbors in Paris, telling him that his wife was not behaving as she ought. His wife had found consolation during his illness in the company of a Russian friend of the family, who was rapidly becoming more than a friend.

After four letters had come to him telling him of his wife's goings-on, Ferdinand got out of his sickbed and took a train for Paris. He surprised his wife in company with the Russian, who left the scene without pausing to explain.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded the wife. "We love each other and I am not going to give him up."

The maddened husband first attacked his wife with his fists and then took a pistol and shot her dead.

Though he has been given his freedom by the courts it is not expected that he will live to enjoy it, for the shock of his experiences has made his health worse than it was before.

Latest Echo of Millicent Rogers' Ill-fated Romance

How Count Salm's Intrusion Wrecked the Happiness of the Rogers Family and Another Divorce Has Just Developed

It Was an Unlucky Day for Rich Mr. Rogers and His Domestic Household When Count Salm Arrived in New York and Met Colonel Rogers' Daughter, Millicent.

IS Colonel Henry Huddleston Rogers, Standard Oil multi-millionaire, going to remarry his first wife in the hope of setting back the clock and starting over again at the point where his bad luck and unhappiness began with the elopement of their daughter Millicent with Count Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraten?

He has certainly taken plenty of financial, matrimonial and social punishment since that first misstep, January 8, 1924. The first serious rumpus in the Rogers family was over the Colonel's refusal to see that he owed his noble son-in-law a handsome cash bonus for marrying his daughter.

Regardless of all his avowals to the contrary, in order to have peace in the family or for some other reason, Colonel Rogers finally had to settle, and though the figures have never been given out officially, it is understood to have been a large sum even for so rich a man to part with.

But Rogers got no peace. The long and bitter argument seems to have disrupted a home that had been happy for twenty years. His daughter became estranged, and after marriage to the wealthy Argentinian Arturo Ramos, following her divorce from Count Salm, lived in seclusion at Tuxedo Park or kept a continent or an ocean between her father and herself.

At the time of their sudden marriage Millicent had written to the Count, calling him "a good sport." It was said, and nobody then denied it, that both Mrs. Rogers and her daughter were deeply upset at the Colonel's refusal to be an equally "good sport" and pay the noble youth's claim, whatever it was. The Salm bill was eventually settled, the Count has never bothered any of the family again, not even seeing his child at any of the times to which he was legally entitled. It was written off the Rogers' books, like any other loss, and should have been a closed incident.

No doubt it was meant to be, but when a husband and wife have learned to quarrel, they sometimes find it hard to break the habit. As a junior at Columbia Rogers had married the society belle, Mary Benjamin, daughter of Dr. George Hilliard Benjamin, eminent scientist and lawyer. They were not only one of America's wealthiest couples, with mansions at Southampton, Long Island, Palm Beach and elsewhere, but high society favorites, entertaining lavishly. Today, thirty-three years after that wedding, she is still slim, attractive and astonishingly young-looking for the mother of two children and the grandmother of three. At the ill-omened hour of Count Salm's appearance, she was even more attractive. Her husband neither desired nor feared to lose her.

But there was no peace. Things slowly drifted from bad to worse until, in 1928, it was learned that Mrs. Rogers was getting a divorce in Utrecht, Holland, which, incidentally, put that quiet little country on the map as a divorce market. It had not occurred to anyone that the Dutch were lively enough to have much in the way of divorce facilities.

At this time the universal opinion was still that the trouble all dated from bickerings over the Salm settlement.

In Spite of Everybody's Warning That She Would Not Be Happy Very Long With Salm, Millicent Rogers Eloped With Him.

Mrs. Rogers collected $3,000,000 in the form of alimony, of which she was to receive the income for life. It was quite a lot of money, but not too much for a very rich man to pay for peace.

This time he got the peace; in fact, too much of it. There he was, a middle-aged man, with lifelong habits of being surrounded by gay parties of the Four Hundred. He still had the mansions, but they were silent and empty. To fill them with merry-making guests of the right sort, he needed a wife who would be something as high socially as the daughter of Dr. Benjamin was, and still is.

To find such a wife seemed necessary, and Colonel Rogers thought he had done so when he met Mrs. Margaret Peabody Savelle Miles, who at that time was the wife of Basil Miles, diplomat and, among others things, secretary to the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. Rogers had been furious when his daughter married into foreign nobility and did not want to pay. But it later appeared that at one time he thought his new bride-to-be was of royal blood. If so, it was bar-sinister royalty, because she was supposed to be the illegitimate daughter of the late Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria.

Mr. Rogers had paid $3,000,000 to his outgoing wife, and the incoming one thought, apparently, she ought to be worth at least as much. Since there is no tactful answer to that theory, the rich man agreed, and paid in advance. This happiness was coming a little high, $6,000,000, to say nothing of what the Count may have collected, but still, perhaps not too much if he was going to get that peace with gayety again.

He never dreamed that society would hesitate to throw itself at the feet of a woman with royal blood, but somehow that is what it did, and meanwhile all sorts of trouble descended on the pair. When Rogers received his freedom, Mrs. Miles was still married, a complication which might have involved time and more expense to straighten out, but Mr. Miles suddenly died in a hospital at Washington, D. C. The cause was given as embolism, the same as brought about the death of former Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge. Within a few weeks the Colonel married the widow and thought that now, at last, things were right to sing, "Happy days are here again."

He not only threw open the mansions, but made them bigger and better to accommodate the expected return of high society in crowds. Besides his $3,000,000 pre-nuptial bonus, the groom gave his bride as a wedding present a splendid swimming pool, 150 feet long, with mural decorations depicting a day with Diana in the Roman Campagna and columns of golden marble. It was as perfect and magnificent as anything done by the Vanderbilts in their splurgiest days, but it was not perfect enough for the second Mrs. Rogers, who did not like the slippery marble floor. So she had it covered with a carpet of inch-thick, spongy rubber, over which was a layer of canvas, painted to look as much as possible like the marble hidden beneath. On this even the smallest royal foot could not skid.

Colonel Rogers Had Been a Happy Man With His Millions and His Devoted Wife and His Attractive Daughter, Living Luxuriously on His Estate and Playing Golf.

The pool, costing nearly a million dollars, was at the Southampton hunting lodge, which bore the curiously prophetic name of "The Port of Missing Men." It became one of missing women, also, because the expected gold-rush of society people did not happen. If these had only turned up, the oil magnate and his second wife might have been too busy to fall into an argument, as they did, over a matter with more disturbing possibilities than the old Salm debate.

It seems that while Rogers was still meditating whether or not to marry Mrs. Miles, he decided to verify the romantic morganatic story of her imperial parenthood, and told his secretary, Edward E. Kern, to find out. This was no easy job, such as ascertaining whether Mamie Jones was the daughter of Old Man Jones, the druggist, or not. So Kern employed Noel Scaffa, the detective who specializes in recovering stolen jewelry.

Scaffa's agents hustled off to pull doorbells and examine records in New England and Central Europe. Just about the time the Dutch treaty of divorce was signed, Scaffa handed in a voluminous report covering the lady's past, her antecedents, and everything but her future. Later developments indicated that this must have been somewhat of a shock and disappointment to the Colonel. Few fiances can afford to get the "low-down" on their beloveds before marrying them, which is perhaps just as well, because it didn't do this one any good. Either he did not believe the report, or was so much in love that he could not stop. Anyway, he disregarded it.

But Count Salm's Attentions to Daughter Millicent Started Endless Arguments Between Colonel Rogers and His Wife, Until Mrs. Rogers Got a Divorce.

Also, he should have forgotten it. By some slip he must have revealed to his bride that she had been investigated, and the whole story came out. Of course, she was furious. Scaffa, having finished his work and been paid off, could not be punished, but she could and did make her husband fire Kern, or so he charged.

This was another sad mistake, because the secretary objected to losing a nice job and the prospect of a legacy in the millionaire's will, which would make him independent for life. Into court he flew, asking damages and making resounding charges of a conspiracy involving the second Mrs. Rogers, her mother, the present Mrs. Rosa Moscovicz, Count and Countess Zichy of Hungary and the Austrian Ambassador to France, Dr. Alfred Grunebergen, all of whom had been witnesses to the second Rogers wedding at Paris.

He claimed that the conspiracy was not only to discharge him, but to oust the first Mrs. Rogers to make room for Mrs. Miles. As each of these ladies had collected $3,000,000, Kern thought his slice ought to be $750,000.

What caused consternation in the Rogers household was Kern's assertion that he would prove in court that the second Mrs. Rogers hadn't a drop of royal blood, but was the perfectly honest and legitimate daughter of one Mike Patsanes, a Hungarian immigrant from the small town of Mischkolz, who on being naturalized in the United States had changed his name to Peabody. The discharged secretary was going to call to the witness stand not only Scaffa but the second Mrs. Rogers herself.

To prevent this embarrassment the capitalist settled the suit for a sum said to have been $500,000. Another huge instalment paid for peace and happiness, and still he didn't get it. Though none of the charges were proved, everyone heard about them, which was almost as annoying, and presently there was more trouble.

After the second Mrs. Rogers' second husband, Mr. Miles, had been dead and buried two years the United States Department of Justice Bureau of Criminal Investigation made the extraordinary decision to investigate his death. It was stated that when in the hospital he had asked for and been given a Scotch highball, and that after drinking part of it had turned black in the face and with bulging eyes died before Dr. Gross of the hospital staff could get to him. Apparently the government wanted to know what kind of Scotch was in it. Reporters were told by Edward T. Hoover, head of the department:

"I have examined twenty witnesses and intend to call fifty more. I shall probably question Mrs. Rogers last of all."

This wretched situation, with everyone whispering and wondering, went on for some time, and then the thing was dropped. A nurse testified that the story of the highball was absolutely without foundation. It was a clear case of death from natural causes, but it is said to have annoyed Mr. Rogers fully as much as the Kern suit annoyed his second wife.

Considering this persistent run of expensive bad luck, nobody was much surprised to read, even if it was "April Fool's Day," last Spring that the second Mrs. Rogers was in Reno, asking divorce for "extreme cruelty." The cruelty may have had to do with doubts about her royal blood. Anyway, she suffered from pernicious anemia, and for that reason the case had to be heard down cellar in the court house boiler room, where the divorce patient could be trundled in a wheel chair, supported by nurses and doctors as well as lawyers.

Mr. Rogers, through a lawyer, denied the cruelty, but did not oppose the case. The divorce was granted, the records sealed and nobody knows whether Mrs. Rogers gave back some of the $3,000,000 that her husband had given to be made happy or whether she collected still more.

But in New York that evening Colonel Rogers gave a sort of celebration dinner, at which he and daughter Millicent seemed very happy and friendly. Since then both have been seen with the first Mrs. Rogers so much that she is continually asked if there will be a remarriage.

To this the former Miss Benjamin shakes her head. However, for the first time recently she made a public statement that she agreed entirely with Mr. Rogers about Count Salm. This might indicate that Colonel Rogers is to be given the last word on that argument, a great concession. He says nothing, as a perfect future husband should.

Money does not always talk.

Scene on the Magnificent Rogers Estate on Long Island, New York, Where Nobody Was Happy for Long After Count Salm Appeared on the Scene.

Little Peter Salm, the Child Who Caused Long Negotiations Before His Noble Father, the Count, Surrendered His Son to Millicent Along With the Divorce She Insisted on Having.

To the Astonishment of Everybody, Colonel Rogers Married the Mysterious Mrs. Basil Miles. But Colonel Rogers and His Second Wife Were Not Happy Together for Long and Now She Has Stepped Out of the Picture by Getting a Reno Divorce.

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InchcapeBell

The Wanton Wickedness of Sir Ralph the Rover Recalled by the Recent Marriage of Lord Inchcape to an Asiatic Rajah's Daughter.

The Earl of Inchcape and Miss Leonora Brooke, Daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak, Just After the Wedding Ceremony.

LONDON, July 3—

ROMANTIC associations cluster thickly about the recent wedding of the important Lord Inchcape and Miss Leonora Brooke, daughter of His Highness the Rajah of Sarawak.

The bridegroom takes his title from the famous Inchcape Rock, which figured in the old Scottish legend about the wicked pirate, who cut away the bell that warned sailors of the nearness of the dangerous Rock and later perished himself because of his own misdeed.

There was never a clearer case of what is called poetical justice than this. Robert Southey, who was poet laureate in the early part of the nineteenth century, enshrined the episode in a ballad called "The Incheape Rock," which is familiar to lovers of simple, intelligible, old-fashioned poetry. Southey was not a particularly distinguished laureate, but so interesting were the facts in this poem that it has lived after all of his other brain children have been forgotten.

The bride has romantic associations of a different kind. She is a great-granddaughter of James Brooke, who had extraordinary adventures among the Malay pirates in Southeastern Asia, and became Rajah of Sarawak, part of the vast Island of Borneo, with a population of 600,000, many of them head-hunters and pirates. He spent his life fighting those wayward and interesting children of nature and finally had them pretty well subdued.

Lady Inchcape, the former Miss Brooke, is the older of the two daughters of the present Rajah. He has no sons, but keeping down pirates and head-hunters is not considered the most suitable work for a lady and the tropical throne will pass to her uncle or cousin.

Lord Inchcape's Sister, "Poppy," Who Ran Away From Home, Married an Actor, and Was Finally Lost at Sea in Her Aeroplane.

She is considered one of the most attractive and clever young women in British fashionable society and many millionaires and distinguished men have tried to win her. The undertaking was not easy.

Lord Inchcape is the son of the first holder of the title, who began life as James Lyle Mackay, and became one of the greatest figures in British commerce. He was born at Arbroath, on the coast of Forfarshire, the nearest town to the Inchcape Rock, and so was his father before him and many of his ancestors. The late Lord and his father were both shipowners. Arbroath is the modern spelling of Aberbrothock, and it was the good Abbot of this community, who first put the warning bell on the terrible Rock, as related in the poem.

All the happiest memories of old Lord Inchcape's life were centred about the Rock. It was a haunted spot. As a boy he had gazed with fascinated eyes for hours upon it, had sailed around it and learned all the old legends connected with it. There was a tradition that one of his family had helped to put the warning bell on the Rock or else had helped the pirates to cut it away. Sir Ralph the Rover would be a romantic ancestor, if a wicked one.

In time James Mackay became the greatest shipowner in the British Empire and the greatest merchant trading with India, and an enormously rich man. When a peerage was conferred upon him by the King, he promptly chose as his title the name of the old Rock that had so many associations for him.

There is no more dangerous reef in the waters of the civilized world than the Inchcape Rock. It lies about 12 miles southeast of Arbroath, measures 2,000 feet in length, is under water at high tide, but at low tide is exposed for a few feet. It lurks directly in the course of vessels entering the Firth of Tay, where Dundee, one of the principal ports of Scotland, is situated, and a few miles north of the Firth of Forth, where is Leith, the port of Edinburgh. In fact it is in the way of nearly all the shipping into Scotland. In old times, when ships were easily driven off their course it was a much greater danger than now.

In the great gale of 1799 seventy sail were wrecked on the reef, and next year Robert Stevenson, designed a tower lighthouse that was started in 1807. The tower is 115 feet high and solid for the first 30 feet.

The Lighthouse Which Now Guards the Famous Inchcape Rock, Where Sir Ralph the Rover Cut Away the Warning Bell.

The Rock being only bare during short daily intervals, the work was necessarily very difficult and dangerous. All the stones were shaped and prepared at Arbroath. The several courses having been dovetailed, and cemented together by joggles of stone and oaken pegs, the whole building was erected upon the Rock and strongly clamped.

The ordinary name of the Rock among sailors is the Bell Rock, on account of the old method of giving warning to ships. Most people will be surprised to learn that the word Inchcape has nothing to do with the English word cape, but is from a Celtic phrase, "Inskaup," meaning "a rock covered with shell-fish."

Back in the Middle Ages when ships were mostly steered by landmarks, the wrecks and loss of life caused by the Rock were cruel. About 400 years ago the good Abbot of Aberbrothock, or Arbroath, was greatly worried by these tragedies and planned an ingenious way of robbing the Rock of some of its menace. He caused a big bell to be mounted on a heavy wooden buoy and anchored over the Rock, so that the rougher the sea the more loudly it would ring. After that the sailors, when they heard the bell, would "bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock," as the poem says.

It seems probable that many citizens of Arbroath and vicinity helped out their income by plundering the victims of the Rock or their dead bodies. That was why Sir Ralph the Rover cut away the warning bell, so local industry might continue to thrive. Perhaps the late Lord Inchcape was struck by the fact that Sir Ralph the Rover had gone to India to make his fortune like himself, and was returning from there before he was wrecked through his own folly in removing the bell.

The old way of warning sailors has not been forgotten in the modern lighthouse. During stormy and foggy weather, the machinery which causes reflectors to revolve is made to ring two large bells, each weighing about 12 hundredweight, in order to warn the seaman that he is approaching too near the Rock.

Poets are naturally attracted to the Inchcape Rock. Sir Walter Scott dealt with it, for he wrote in the album kept at the lighthouse this verse:

For on the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night;
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.

The present Lord Inchcape succeeded to his father's title and fortune in 1932. He was married once before, his first wife being Miss Joan Moriarty. The representatives of two great fighting races met in this union and the result was a divorce a year ago.

Just about a year ago also Miss Brooke's engagement was announced to Max Ausnit, a Rumanian millionaire, but that was broken off, and the new position of Lord Inchcape may have had something to do with it.

Lord Inchcape served with the Twelfth Lancers and the Machine Gun Corps during the World War, and is a director of many great corporations. He has large estates in England and Scotland.

The Inchcape family certainly has an uncommon share of the romantic and daring temperament. His only sister, the Hon. Elsie Mackay, was a gallant and tragic figure. In 1928 she attempted the Westward flight over the Atlantic Ocean with Captain Walter Hinchliffe. The attempt was then regarded as next to hopeless. Her father was determined to prevent the attempt and the authorities of the country were at his service. But his daughter started her flight secretly in the middle of the night.

She and her companion were lost at sea, and no trace of them was ever found. Grief-stricken Lord Inchcape gave $2,500,000 to the British Government as a memorial to his daughter. There was some criticism because he made no provision for the widow of Hinchliffe, . . the aviator had probably been led into the adventure by the determined young heiress.

Before this tragedy Miss Mackay had angered her father by marrying an actor named Denis Wyndham and going into the films herself under the name Poppy Wyndham. She was unhappy with her actor and obtained a divorce from him.

It would be hard to say whether romance clings more to the Inchcape lineage than to the ancestry of Miss Leonora Brooke. Her great-grandfather, while fighting for the old East India company, observed the great possibilities of the islands on the Malay Straits, which had not only a large population of cannibals, head-hunters, boa constrictors and alligators, but immense natural wealth.

He found the old Sultan of Borneo getting the worst of a head-hunters' rebellion in the province of Sarawak. He undertook to suppress it, did so and was rewarded by being made Rajah of Sarawak, a position his descendants have held ever since. His adventures formed the basis of some of Joseph Conrad's thrilling stories.

After becoming Rajah of Sarawak, Brooke devoted himself to preparing a code of laws and developing commerce, at the same time stamping out the piracy which made all shipping unsafe among the islands.

Once more rebellion gained headway and the capital of the Sultan of Borneo was stormed by a great force of pirates. Sir James Brooke went to his rescue and beat them badly, but not finally.

He was then appointed Governor and commander-in-chief of the Island of Labuan, an adjacent British possession. In 1849 he led an expedition against the Seribas and Sakuran Dyaks who persisted in piracy, and crushed them. He visited the capital of the Sultan of Sala twice and concluded a treaty with him with the object of expelling the curious sea-gypsies and other tribes from his dominions.

As has happened with most other white empire-builders, charges of crooked dealings in Borneo were brought against Sir James Brooke. He was accused by Joseph Hume and other members of the House of Commons of taking too much "head-money." To meet these accusations Brooke went to England. The evidence was so conflicting that the matter was at length referred to a royal commission, which sat at Singapore. As a result of this investigation the charges were declared to be "not proven." Sir James, however, was soon afterwards deprived of the governorship of Labuan, and the head-money was abolished.

His palace in Sarawak was attacked and burnt by Chinese pirates in 1867, and he had to fly from the capital, Kuching. He returned with a small force, attacked the Chinese and recovered the town. About this time he was stricken by paralysis and had to return to England. In spite of his infirmity he made two more visits to Sarawak, and on each occasion suppressed a rebellion.

The good order established by Rajah Brooke in this wild and piratical corner of the earth has had important results for the British Empire and the world generally since his time. Sarawak and many parts of the Malay region have become very prosperous and furnished wealth to thousands of Europeans. It was Brooke who taught them how they could enjoy a prosperous and healthy life there if they observed the rules of common sense.

The new Lady Inchcape's mother was Miss Sylvia Brett, one of a family much in favor with King Edward.

Sir James Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister," officiated as her godfather and everybody he favors in that way is expected to have a romantic and fairylike existence.

One of Lord Inchcape's Many Country Estates.

The Inchcape Rock

By Robert Southey.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green:
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go:
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around:
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

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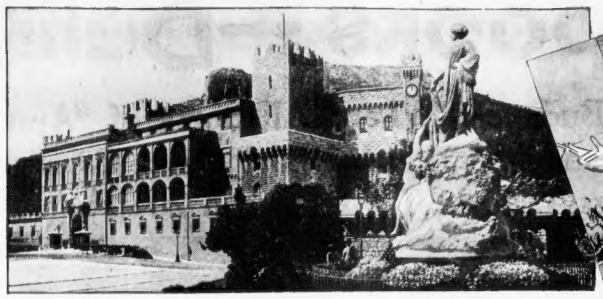
Monte Carlo's Restless Princess Gives Up Her Throne

Tired of the Sordid Gambling, Suicides and All the False Glitter of Her Royal Surroundings, Charlotte, Legitimized Daughter of a Humble Washerwoman, Renounces All Her Titles and Abandons Even Her Children to Live "The Simple Life"



The Palace of the Prince of Monaco, Ruler of Monte Carlo, Which Princess Charlotte Is Leaving With No Regrets.

Cartoon in a French Magazine, Showing Princess Charlotte Throwing Away the Roulette Wheel and Croupier's Rake and Walking Out Into a "Free Life." The Caption Reads: "Nothing More Goes. The Plaque Are Made—" The Croupier's Well-Known Chant at Monte Carlo.

Cheery Sketch by a French Artist of a Scene Along the Palm-Fringed Park Which Leads to the Gambling Casino of Famous and Infamous Old Monte Carlo.

THE Crown Princess Charlotte of Monaco has just been injured in an alarming automobile accident while being driven under an assumed name by that handsome and dashing Italian nobleman, the Marquis Strozzi.

This is the latest incident in the unconventional career of the heiress to the throne of Monaco, who recently asked her father to excuse her from being a Princess any more.

Here is no mere empty title, such as American heiresses buy. This noble lady, on the death of her 66-year-old father, His Most Serene Highness Prince Louis II of Monaco, would be a ruler, Monarch of the small but quite important Principality which contains the famous gambling resort of Monte Carlo.

Strange is human nature. When a wealthy man dies, illegitimate children, if there are any, turn up with vociferous claims to share in the wealth. This is probably just what the Princess Charlotte would be doing now, if circumstances had been a little different.

As a matter of fact, she is the illegitimate daughter of the present reigning Prince, born out of wedlock, as the result of a romance of his youth with a pretty laundress in Constantine, Africa. The Prince married the young woman in church, but not having his father's consent could not marry her legally. Later he parted from her. Until the girl reached the age of ten, the mother kept sending tactfully worded reminders of what she might do, if the father did not do something for his child. One day while little Charlotte was delivering laundry for her mother, she was kidnaped and spirited away. The mother wrote to the Prince:

"I have dreadful news. Your daughter has been abducted."

"Not so dreadful, she is here with me," answered the father.

To educate the little girl as a Princess was an easy matter, but to make her heir to the throne of Monaco required straining the Constitution, which says that the heir must be legitimate. However, it did not say positively that an heir could not be made legitimate, so the Princess was made so by Royal proclamation.

Old Prince Albert, her grandfather, now dead, declared her legitimate, and when his son, Prince Louis, inherited the throne he proclaimed her Crown Princess.

Had he ignored his daughter's interests the probabilities are that she would now be pressing her father for some sort of rights and recognition. But, since he gave her everything, without her asking, she is discontented and resigns. Here is her letter, giving up one of the most coveted jobs in the world:

"I ask you in your double authority as head of the family and Prince to allow me to seek henceforth a peaceful life in all simplicity. To the chief who exercises supreme authority over the family, I address the request that in accordance with the statutes of this sovereign family for reasons, the character of which were recognized three years ago, you should pronounce the immediate dissolution of the conjugal bond by divorce.

"After having given my family and the country two children, which are the legitimate hope of the dynasty, I think I have done my duty without being condemned for reasons of state to remain in the bonds of a marriage contrary to my sentiments."

The Royal Papa was grieved, but he had to accept the resignation. One cannot force a daughter to work at being a Princess if she refuses, and besides he knew the real reason was love. After disagreement with her husband, Count Pierre de Polignac, of whom she complained on her honeymoon that he had "a heart of stone," she was successively interested in two men.

First came Dr. Pierre Dalmazzo, but this did not cause much excitement because he was a man of no political importance. But the new one is the Marquis Strozzi, an Italian who might possibly wangle in and give Italy a claim to that valuable rock on the Mediterranean

The Two Children of the Princess Who Will Inherit the Throne She Has Abdicated, but Whom She Will Have to Leave Behind in Living Her "Free Life."

The Countess de Chabrillan, Who May Mount the Little Throne Princess Charlotte Has Abandoned.

The Princess After Her Abdication. Cheerful and Smiling and Looking More Like Her Washerwoman Mother Than Her Princely Father.

The Count de Polignac, Princess Charlotte's Husband, Whom She Casts Aside With Absolutely No Regret Whatever—Having Done So Long Before Kicking Away the Throne.

Princess Charlotte of Monaco Looking the Part —a Most Unpleasant Part, She Declared.

coast of France. So France frowned and let it be known that Charlotte must either give up her rights to the throne or to the Marquis.

The Marquis is married, but these are days of easy divorce in the highest society.

In 1920, Charlotte married Count Pierre de Polignac, who received a sort of brevet title of Prince of Monaco. The Count was only a consort, a mere husband who could never hope to rule, but France took care that he was a Frenchman. Though this husband was chosen for her and handed to her by French politicians, it was generally supposed to be something of a love-match because the Count was young, good-looking and of charming manners.

Alas, the consort did not please his bride, who returned from the honeymoon morose and nervous instead of starry-eyed. She complained frankly to her maids of honor that Pierre had a "coeur de pierre" (a heart of stone), persisting in discussing literature instead of talking about herself, as, of course, a bridegroom should. Nevertheless, two children were born of this cold and literary union—Prince Rainier, now ten years old, and the Princess Antoinette, aged twelve. His mother's renunciation of her rights to the throne makes Prince Rainier the next heir.

Princess Charlotte seems to have been resigned to her unromantic fate until 1930, when she was treated for hysterics by Dr. Pierre Dalmazzo, an Italian physician with flattering "bedside manners" and Freudian theories against self-restraint and inhibitions. The result was a prompt recovery followed by a trip to Ospedaletti, Italy, and a vow never to live again with the Count Polignac.

Her interest in the doctor may have been largely medical, but her dissatisfaction with her husband was serious business, enough for M. Raymond Poincare, former President of the proletariat, which had not been interesting either, so she now had a desire to be one of the bourgeoisie and thought she would like to run an inn.

"Fine!" said the doctor, "I will help you."

The independent Princess rented a tourist hotel in the Alps where she played the part of hotel proprietress, but after a while there was trouble. The doctor helped too much, considering himself a sort of proprietor-consort, spending the money of the Princess to fit the hotel up like a palace. This annoyed the Royal patient so much that one day she obeyed an impulse to jump into her car and return to Monaco alone.

The doctor followed and vainly tried to effect a reconciliation. What spoiled his chances was the fact that the Princess had now become interested in the ideas of the Marquis Strozzi, a handsome, fascinating Italian nobleman, marksman and all-around athlete. The doctor said that this was one desire that she really ought to suppress, but Charlotte thought otherwise, as patients usually do when there is fun involved. The latest report is that the disappointed physician is threatening to bring a $20,000 suit for loss of two years time against the Monaco treasury. It is prophesied that all he will get from such an action is his name in the paper again.

While France had tolerated Dr. Dalmazzo, it viewed with alarm the intrusion of the Marquis on the Royal attention, especially when it learned that there was talk of of the nobleman's becoming free to marry. His Most Serene Highness had his serenity disturbed by an urgent hint that his daughter must choose between her throne and her new psychic affinity. The result was that letter of resignation.

Prince Louis then called together the Monegasque Assembly, which is a sort of toy-sized imitation of Parliament or Congress, and asked it to divorce his daughter from her husband. It was done, much to the displeasure of the Vatican, since the ruling Princes of Monaco are Roman Catholics.

This points to troubles ahead for the Princess in her hopes of marrying the Marquis. What she has now is a civil divorce, but before she marries again it will be necessary for the Ecclesiastical Court of the Rota to grant an annulment, not easily obtained in any case.

The Pope's attitude indicates how slim her chances would seem to be.

Princess Charlotte rarely uses her other title of Duchess de Valentinois. This was an ancient and historic title once in the gift of the Kings of France, one of whom gave it to a long past Prince of Monaco. Old Prince Albert took it out, dusted it off and handed it to his grandchild, who was pleased at first, but after reading history on the subject, shuddered and wished to hand it back. The most conspicuous person who ever bore it was Caesar Borgia, of poisonous memory.

The Princess might not have tossed away her Royal rights so casually if financial and political storms had not been threatening the little state. History usually records that subjects before rising in revolution groan pitifully under crushing taxation. The lucky subjects of Monaco have no taxes at all, for their rulers fixed things so that all expenses of government are carried by the gambling Casino. Yet the Monegasques groan just the same and threaten rebellion.

Their complaint is that there is no business for anyone in the Principality. This is inevitable because no more "suckers" come to risk fortunes over the green tables, and most of the Casino attendants have been thrown out of work.

Some time ago there was a flutter of life around the baccarat tables which was killed by a scandal. During their unemployment, the men in charge of the tables and the orchestra leader worked out a new scheme for cheating the game. The backs of the cards were covered with a glaze, making them all look alike to the ordinary eye but seen through a certain kind of glass, colors appeared by which the different important cards could be identified. Somebody noticed that a saxophone player was not really playing but was watching the game through heavy spectacles and making movements which might have been signals. Investigation revealed the racket and just for that they were all unemployed again.

Though Princess Charlotte points out that she has "assured the dynasty" by furnishing two children in line for the throne, her walking out may result in a collateral branch of the family getting in, because her act has revived the question whether her legitimatization was constitutional or not. This may be a joke on her divorced husband, who would then find his custody of her two children an empty and profitless job.

The Count Aynard de Chabrillan, wealthy and popular in French society, has advanced a claim to the throne of Monaco and his candidacy is said to be favored by the French Government. He is descended in the female line from Prince Henri III of Monaco, who lived in the early nineteenth century, and many think his claim for succession upon the death of Louis II is better than that of Charlotte's children because of the "bar sinister" on her escutcheon, even though it was painted out by Royal edict.

The Count has already begun suit to assert his claim to the throne and stop Charlotte's children from succeeding.

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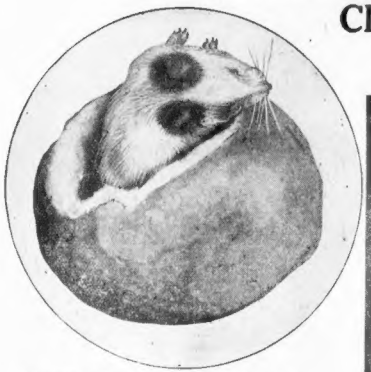
"Brought by Spooks"—Believ

Remarkable Museum in Budapest Where All Sorts of "Apports Claim Are Introduced at Seances by Spirits) Are Carefully S Bugs, Lizards, Turtles and a 20-Pound Piece



This Spanish Dancing Mouse Fell, Living, Out of the Phosphorescent Basket Held Up by the Medium Over the Phosphorescent Table. It Is Still Alive in the Psychic Museum.

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BUDAPEST, June 30.

THIS city has a "fraud-proof," metaphysical laboratory, devoted entirely to dealings with spirits and a museum containing a curious collection of "apports" (presents brought by these mysterious visitors to their puzzled mortal friends), or at least if the ghost did not bring them, nobody has been able to explain how they were brought into the burglar-proof laboratory by natural means.

The collection runs all the way from a 20-pound piece of a gravestone to a grain of corn, including a live turtle which soon died from its experience and a dancing mouse, alive today in spite of having been "dematerialized" in Japan, whisked all the way across Asia and part of Europe and "materialized" again in the laboratory.

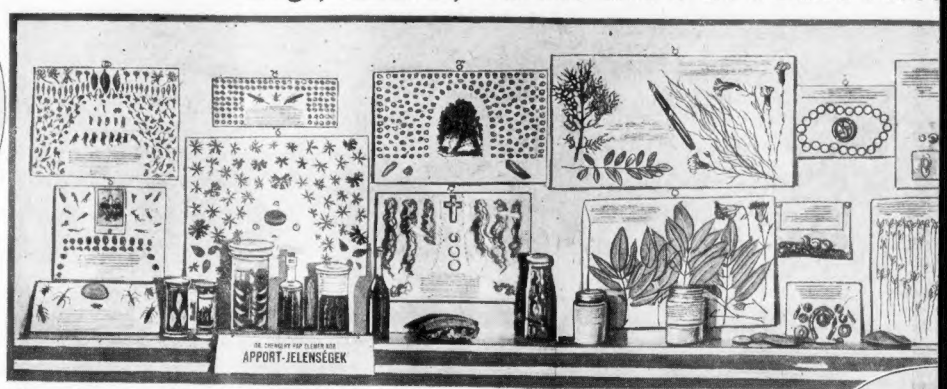
If Japan missed its mouse, the Japanese Consul said nothing about it, but the management of a local cemetery identified that piece of tombstone as taken from a stone cross over one of its graves and made vague threats of legal proceedings against the laboratory on the grounds of trespass, vandalism and larceny.

The spirits or "intelligences" as the members of the laboratory prefer to call them, said in their own defense that the stone had fallen during the night and broken and that they had transported the fragment with the consent and approval of the spirit of the man whose grave it had marked. The secretary of the cemetery corporation replied that the stone could not have fallen but had been pushed over, that their records, confirmed by a careful scrutiny of the stone, showed that the person buried beneath was not a man but a woman. He strongly intimated that the spirits were careless and untruthful. The laboratory put an end to this unseemly bickering between ghosts and a graveyard, and asked their invisible friends to be more careful in selecting future presents.

The people who support and run this strange institution are neither publicity-seekers nor persons of not very high intelligence, such as most of those who attend the seances of London and Paris, but doctors, lawyers, judges, bankers and others of high standing in the city. Nor are they Spiritualists, but interested only in trying to solve the mystery of how such things can be done.

The seance room is burglar-proof and its walls bare, without even a "materializing cabinet." The floor is empty except for tables and chairs. Just before a seance these are taped with phosphorescent ribbon as are all the sitters and the medium, so that even in the darkness any movement is easily detected. Large cards, smeared with phosphorescent paint are hung on the walls, revealing the outlines of the medium and sitters and even casting a dim light on the proceedings. Everyone entering the room is stripped and searched, even their ears and hair and their pockets emptied.

The medium is given an even more thorough inspection and made to wear nothing but a special two piece suit, fitting him tightly and strapped at the neck, ankles and wrists. This suit is furnished and put on him by members of the circle. To get into the place is about as complicated as a safety vault because three persons each with a key must assemble. As a final precaution the bare room is examined carefully after the empty-handed sitters come in. Under such circumstances it is hard to see how even the smallest of the "apports" can be smuggled in.



Some of the Many Hundred and Very Varied "Apports" Which Are Among the Exhibits in the Budapest Museum.

In London, the hot-bed of Spiritualism, seances are conducted in utter darkness, with almost no precautions against fraud and almost the only thing that can be seen is the phosphorescent rim of the "trumpet." "Evidence" obtained under such conditions, inviting fraud, are considered of no value by the Chengery-Pap, as the Budapest circle calls itself. Its two mediums are both men and their controls spirits or intelligences named "Consuelo" and "Rabbi Isaac."

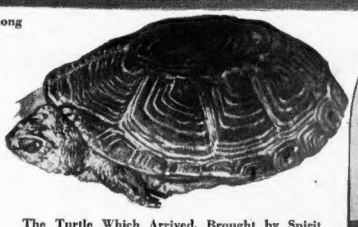
It is a fact, worthy of notice, that though the English seances, held in total darkness, purport to produce spirits who seize the trumpet and talk through it from various parts of the room, in the Budapest ones, where everyone would detect the trick if the medium should stand up and impersonate the spirit, there are no "spirit voices." The "controls" talk only from the mouth of the medium who is supposed to be in a trance.

The circle invited scientific advice and visits from anyone who can suggest further precautions to surround their work. Of course, all this does not prove conclusively that the phenomena are genuine manifestations of the supernatural because it is the business of tricksters to get around precautions just as burglars get around burglar alarms and break into "burglar proof" safes. The Chengery-Pap merely asserts that until someone solves the mystery, the mediums must at least be credited with understanding forces and laws of Nature unknown to Science. The astrologers, though fakers, were fumbling with the solid science of astronomy, the alchemists with what is now chemistry and those queer persons, known as mediums may be fiddling with the germ of a new science.

Things they do are certainly astonishing and yet the sceptic is confronted by the same old question. If they are dishonest, yet are in possession of a real discovery why don't they dematerialize the gold from the vaults of the banks and treasuries of the world? Or, if honest, why don't they enrich themselves legitimately and perform public services by collecting rewards offered for stol n jewelry and kidnaped children.

Yet here are some of the unaccountable things that happen right along as set down in the minutes of the sessions, written after each seance and signed by at least three. At a session, October 22, 1932, attended by two doctors, a Judge of the Supreme Court and a former Prime Minister, after the usual precautions the medium went into his trance and the "intelligence" known as "Rabbi Isaac," who had previously promised to materialize three live lizards, manifested itself. On the table in front of the medium, stood a small wicker basket, gleaming with phophorescent paint. Of course, this had been supplied by one of the members and carefully examined by all to make sure it contained nothing.

Now speaking through the mouth of the medium in German, which the medium is not supposed to understand, the "Rabbi" said that the lizards were coming through, and, opening the basket, he dumped two small but quite lively lizards on the table to be caught and held till after the seance by members of the circle. Two weeks later when the 'Rabbi" was in control again and materializing other objects, someone reminded him that he had promised three lizards, but only delivered two. Everyone expected that the spirit would object that this shortage should have been pointed out at the time he was materializing lizards instead of as now engaged in dropping rifle cartridges on the shoulders of the circle. However, the "Rabbi" said:



The Turtle Which Arrived, Brought by Spirit Hands, It Was Claimed, and Is Still Alive in the Museum.

"Perfectly true. I forgot it. Wait a minute and I'll get it for you."

There was a pause and then scratching sounds were heard from the basket. At the "Rabbi's" suggestion one of the sitters looked in the basket and found a third live lizard. Then the rifle bullets began dropping out of the air again. Of course, complying with an unexpected and rather unreasonable request is more impressive than doing what the medium has had plenty of time to prepare for. Yet, if there is any fraud, it would be just as easy for the person who was going to make the request to have tipped the medium off. It really neither adds to nor detracts from the main mystery of how anything can be smuggled in.

Living "apports" are much rarer and supposed to be far harder to materialize than inanimate objects. Yet at this session it was not the lizard but the bullets which were to create the sensation. When it was over and the lights turned on, one of the circle, a retired army colonel, became much agitated as be examined the bullets. He identified them as belonging to his own private collection, always kept carefully locked in a big safe with a combination known to him only. The entire circle accompanied him to his home where they found the safe locked and showing no signs of having been opened in a long time. The colonel now opened it, found his bullets gone and in their place a fresh rose.

On November 19 of that year the same "intelligence" was in a most generous mood. One of the guests said he was hungry and asked for food. Promptly the "Rabbi" delivered a grain of corn. The guest said that was not very much, so 195 more grains rattled like hail on the table. In response to the man's criticism that this was all right for a pigeon but not a man, a liberal portion of sausages and garlic dropped with gentle thuds. Still unsatisfied, the man wanted a bottle of beer to go with it, but the "Rabbi" refused, saying that he had already gotten better service than the Children of Israel and their manna from heaven.

This was not that he was a Prohibitionist, because at a previous session he had delivered a bottle of beer and one of wine, which are now in the museum. A lady sitter now complained that the smell of garlic was making her sick, and to kindly dematerialize it.

"You people are hard to please," grumbled the spirit. "I won't do it. However, I will sprinkle you all with rose water."

At once there fell a gentle shower of perfumed water, though one of the sitters took the precaution of putting his hand over the medium's mouth. It was at this session that the dancing mouse was produced "from Japan." The "Rabbi," rather pleased with himself over that feat, explained that "conditions had been extra good" and that if they would take good care of the little animal it might live indefinitely. It still lives in the museum, the only one of the living "apports" that did not succumb to the experience of being "converted into etheric fluid and back to matter again."

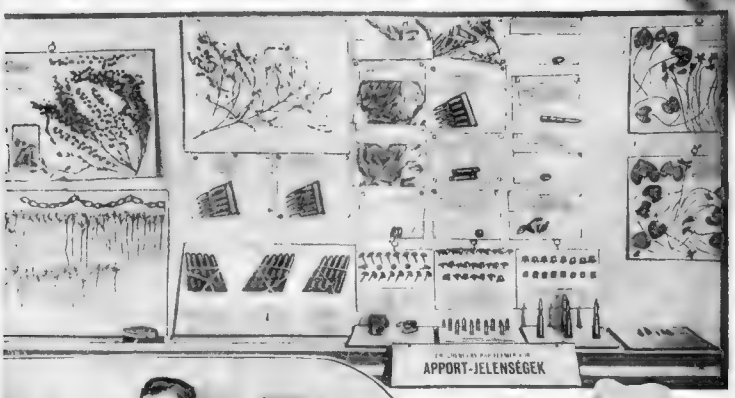
This Photograph Shows Middle With Phosphore Ankles, So That He M by "Controls" as He Cla the Medium Claims.

Yet why, with this miraculous power, do not the mediums and their spirit-friends feed the poor? They answer that they have not the power to do so in such large quantities as to do any good. Why don't they do it on a small scale for shipwrecked persons starving on a desert isle or give a glass of water to someone dying of thirst. The answer is that conditions are not right. If dishonest why don't they materialize whiskey for American bootleggers or diamonds for smugglers? The spirits say that would be wrong. But wasn't it wrong to steal a piece of stone cross, even if they didn't knock it down and break it?

This, the heaviest of all the "apports," should have been the work of a husky he-ghost but it was brought by the fair, spectral hands of "Consuelo." Once while she was busy tipping tables, a heavy thump was heard in the outer room, causing everyone to ask what the noise was. "Consuelo" informed them that it was a gravestone but that her "power" had given out just before she got through the locked door. After the seance they found the 20-pound stone near

...e It or Not

... (Things the Mediums ...aved and Exhibited—Birds, ... of a Grave-Stone, Among Them



Fragment of a Marble Tombstone Weighing 20 Pounds Which Suddenly Materialized in the Laboratory and Dropped, Apparently From Nowhere, on the Floor.

...the Medium Lajos Pap Buttoned Into His Seance Suit, Fastened Round the ...ecent White Bands, and Similar Bands on Shoulders, Arms, Knees, Wrists and ...y Be Closely Observed in the Darkened Seance Room. His Hands Are Held ...ps the Phosphorescent Magic Basket Out of Which Fall the "Apports" Which, ...the Spirits Bring Through the Laboratory Walls and Drop Into the Basket

Through the Walls of the Burglar-Proof Laboratory the Mediums Claim the Spirits Bring All Manner of Presents, Many of Them Living Creatures Which Seem to Have Been Brought from Thousands of Miles Away

the seance-room door. How it got that far is a mystery because that room was locked, empty and burglar-proof. That she should plead exhaustion from such an effort seems reasonable but on another occasion, she was all done up by merely bringing a few bunches of mayflowers and forgetmenots.

One of the most interesting pieces of the collection, on account of the story attached to it, is a photograph showing three young men. One of them is the medium Lajos Pap. It dates from many years back, when Lajos Pap and the two other boys were friends. They had the photograph taken as a keepsake, and each of them had a single copy. The two others were lost in the war, Lajos Pap was a prisoner of war and returned to his home years later. Meanwhile his home had been ruined, his belongings dispersed. Among many other things he missed the photograph which he cherished in memory of his lost friends. He tried to find the photographer who had taken the picture, but the man had moved to another town and the plate was no more to be found. No new copy of the lost picture could be made.

At a seance, Lajos Pap had one of the sitters ask the "intelligence" to rematerialize the lost picture. A short time after the picture appeared on the laboratory table, and it now has the place of honor in a glass case in the Museum. As evidential value, of course, it is no better than any of the other "apports."

The museum contains among other objects materialized at seances, a crucifix, Dutch, Czech and Rumanian coins, birds, bugs, beetles, butterflies, small fish, frogs, tadpoles and a turtle, all of which arrived, alive and kicking, but did not long survive the hardships of their psychic journey.

The arrival of these "apports" at the Budapest laboratory is regarded as the feats of Charles Bailey, who is generally considered the greatest "apport" medium of modern times. Bailey is an Australian who has been producing "apports" for forty years. He was severely tested a few years ago by A. Conan Doyle, and on the whole won the confidence of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. It is admitted, however, that Bailey has several times been caught in trickery.

Besides live birds, tortoises, snakes and once a wriggling young shark a foot and a half long, Bailey has "apported" heavy Assyrian tablets, precious stones and scores of ancient Egyptian coins. Such diversified objects as Arabic newspapers, leopard skins and Egyptian scarabs fall to the table during his seances.

When he produced at one time seven inscribed Babylonian tablets, he was thought to have accomplished his masterpiece. But someone sent one of the tablets to the British Museum, which reported it a forgery. The tablets were found to be clever counterfeits made by certain learned Jews in Bagdad.

This revelation did not hurt Mr. Bailey's reputation one bit. His friends triumphantly pointed out that it was just as hard to materialize a fake tablet from Bagdad as a genuine one from nearby Babylon.

At another time Bailey stripped naked and tied in a bag, produced two live birds. This was sensational until a dealer appeared and said he had sold three such birds and a cage to Bailey a few days previously. But as the third bird and the cage were never found, the medium received the benefit of the doubt. He rewarded the confidence of his friends by next "apporting" the young shark still tangled with wet seaweed.

In the presence of Conan Doyle, Bailey produced a perfect bird's nest two inches high and three inches across. In it was a single white egg, which was broken and found to be fresh. The bird was identified as an East Indian jungle sparrow.

Another famous "apport" medium was Herr Heinrich Melzer, of Dresden. His specialty was materializing flowers, and he frequently produced whole plants with the roots still covered with fresh soil. Herr Melzer had one bad habit. Sometimes he seized on the flowers as soon as they arrived and began eating them voraciously, even stalks and dirt in some cases, and several times wounding his mouth on rose thorns.

It was explained that the medium was in a trance and his actions were caused by his "control," the spirit that really brought the flowers. Herr Melzer was always distinctly annoyed when he emerged from his trance and learned of his uncouth actions.

Roses, lilies-of-the-valley, anemones, violets and several other flowers were often "apported" by Melzer through his usual "controls," Amakai, Lissipan and Curadiasamy, a Hindu. A typical seance with Curadiasamy as "control" began with a rigid search of Herr Melzer. He was next enveloped in a large cloth carefully fastened with pins and knots. Only his hands were left free. There was a little cabinet in the room which had been searched. Melzer was seated among the thirteen spectators. Suddenly Curadiasamy "took possession" of him and he retired into the cabinet. He was heard speaking German and Hindustani. The lights were put out at his request. After considerable moaning, singing and noisy movements inside the cabinet, the medium emerged and handed something to the nearest investigator. The lamp was lighted and Melzer was holding a pot with a flower in it, while the investigator found himself holding another pot with a myrtle plant in it.

After a short interval the seance was resumed. The light was hardly extinguished when the exclamation was heard: "Light!" The floor was covered with flowers and leaves of lilies-of-the-valley.

Herr Melzer was not so successful in "apporting" small stones of a semi-precious nature. At several seances he apparently plucked these stones out of the air, coughed them up or picked them off the shoulder of a nearby "sitter." Once he was stripped and tied in a sack with only his hands free. But a careful investigator found two small white stones fastened behind his ears with flesh-colored sticking plaster. His excuse was that he had been tempted by some undesirable "control."

Why Don't the Rattlers Bite the Snake Dancers?

A Mystery That Has Puzzled Scientists Who Have Tried in Vain to Induce the Hopi Indian Priests in Arizona to Reveal the Secrets

A Hopi Indian Snake Dancer Holding a Snake in His Mouth. Copyright by Ingleside Inn.

THE weird and terrifying snake dance of the Hopi Indians in Arizona will take place soon unless an unexpected rainfall makes the ceremonial unnecessary in the countryside about Oraibi, Arizona. For hundreds of years the priests and medicine men of this tribe have carried out this ritual, dancing long and strenuously with live snakes, including poisonous rattlers held in their hands and mouths.

Scientists have tried in vain to find out why the snake dancers are not bitten and dangerously poisoned or killed by the reptiles. And efforts will be made again this year to try to penetrate the secret of the immunity which no white man can explain and the Indians refuse to reveal.

The Indians will feast and fast and chant and strew corn meal and wave mysterious wands and dance, all for one purpose—Oraibi's ancient but ever new festival is a spectacular prayer for life-giving rain. Poor business conditions have hit even the red men, hence this year's need for the rain is greater than normal, and the dances will be more fervent. Abundant rain will mean abundant food crops.

Theirs is a religious ceremony absolutely without counterpart anywhere in the world, not even among the wildest of African savages. The [illegible] approach [illegible] held periodically at Prescott, Arizona, by white people who stage admitted imitations of the Hopi dances. But Prescott's dance, not religious at all, is offered just so white tourists may see it, because Oraibi is an isolated place hard to reach, and white guests aren't any too welcome there anyway.

The Hopi dance is an awesome custom that has come down through the centuries and still holds. Hopis are among the most intelligent of Indians; their craftsmanship in making blankets and pottery and baskets is excellent, and they are naturally industrious, peace-loving farmers. But for hundreds of years they have lived in the hottest, dryest parts of Arizona, where 12 inches is an unusually heavy annual rainfall. To prosper, indeed to live at all, they have literally been forced to conserve their water and waste never a drop. Thus water has become the dominant thing in their lives, the source of life, hence the great and good gift to be prayed for. More than half of all the many Hopi dances and festivals and ceremonies are directly concerned with wheedling more rain fall out of the Hopi gods.

It is spectacular, almost inconceivable that any people, even savages, could pray by holding live and dangerous rattlesnakes in their mouths and dancing to the haunting, rhythmic beat of tom-toms and gourd rattles.

The Hopis do, and it is a serious indiscretion in Arizona to laugh or scoff at them. You may not agree with them but you'd best respect them, especially when you travel long and dustily to see their services. The Hopis do not urge the white man to attend their "church." Fact is, they have a 200-pound red gentleman wearing two six-shooters who makes it his business to command reverence. No visitor is expected to applaud, clap hands or murmur approval of any prayer. And

An Indian Snake Priest With Three Snakes Draped Around His Neck. Copyright by Ingleside Inn.

[illegible] a visitor dares bring a camera into Oraibi to photograph the snake dance and allied rituals, out he goes under [illegible]

[illegible] made, but there was [illegible] the Indians' [illegible] a photographer [illegible] camera [illegible] graphs reproduced [illegible] were taken under just [illegible] of circumstance. But [illegible] of the dancers, while [illegible] were [illegible] passed [illegible] Hopis after they had been duly convinced of the photographer's [illegible]

Assuming that the [illegible] of the few dozen white folk [illegible] enough to be on the [illegible] this Summer when the dance begins, he would then enjoy half [illegible] of the world's strangest religious [illegible] The entire ceremony lasts 16 days, [illegible] crescendo movement and culminates in the snake dance proper which is at sunset of the last day. It officially opens when the chief priest comes up out of the kiva (underground sanctuary) climbs to the house of the village chief, sprinkles lines of religious corn meal and places prayer sticks made of feathers and paper in a stone [illegible] them altar. At sunrise this [illegible] man utters the formal cry to the Hopi people to purge their hearts of all unkindness and come together to pray for rain.

But nothing is done about it for eight days. Then the so-called antelope priests, who are high-ranking church officials, appear in their fantastic costumes and go down into the kiva [illegible] for the main dance. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] foremost. The [illegible] or so marathon run.

The fun, however, is just incidental, a sort of good-will builder during which enmities are forgotten and the soul cleansed so that the gods will be more sociable and receptive to prayers. Too, the men of the assemblage must spend a week gathering snakes, which are regarded as "little brothers" of the rain gods or of the Hopis themselves, hence are direct connection between man and heaven.

After 200 or so assorted reptiles are taken, most of them rattlers, they are sent down into the sacred kivas where only the priests can enter. The kiva is a large basement, usually under an Indian house, with a ladder leading through the only entrance. No white man ever gets to see exactly what happens there, but the Hopis tell that the snakes are purified by washing in earthern jars, and so made ready for the dancing. It takes only an elementary white imagination to picture what a weird, hissing, writhing, rattling process this bathing is.

At the appointed moment a "thunder priest" in odd costume appears from the kiva making a terrific noise with a contrivance like a tin can twirled on a string. It does resemble thunder, and is alleged to frighten any unfriendly spirits away. It ought to. It almost frightens some of the white tourists, now gathered about the enclosure where the dance is to be staged.

The second character to appear is the asperging priest, who sprinkles corn meal about the ground. Corn meal is sacred to Hopis, is used in almost all ceremonials. Next comes the announcer who tells that the dances are a prayer for rain.

Then comes the main body of dancers, 20 or so antelope priests in the gayest costumes of all, their bronze bodies smeared with paint. They march and parade in austere dignity, shaking large rattles made of gourds, go through a series of formations and then retire. Squaws then appear and sprinkle more corn meal, forming sacred symbols with it.

Then, before the white audience can get a good breath and settle down expectantly, 30 or more other dancers appear, the snake priests. Each carries a "snakewhip" made of eagle feathers, and other accoutrements of the dance. They sing or chant a haunting rhythm, and stamp their feet to its musical beats. At length the dancing subsides, and the snakes themselves are taken from the sacred altar in the kiva.

Some of the priests then give the snakes to others, placing them in dancers' hands and mouths until the distribution is done. It is a feat to carry three or four huge live reptiles, most of which are equipped with fangs whose poison is death itself.

The snakes writhe and coil monstrously. Some entwine themselves about the dancer's hair and neck. Others wrap around arms. But all of the snakes are wriggling, writhing, darting their tongues or rattling. It is at this juncture that many a courageous white woman ceases to become a spectator and has to be carried away—perhaps to be troubled with fantastic nightmares for years afterward.

As the mounting fury of the dancing and stamping and marching and writhing reaches its height, the snakes are alternately thrown down and picked up, teased and tickled. At length the dancing priests dart out into the neighboring desert and deposit their reptilian "little brothers" with the firm hope and belief that they will forthwith carry the Hopis' message of prayer direct to the rain gods. At this moment it is hard indeed for the white spectators to feel the reverence which they perforce must show. When the snakes are thus released, the dances are over. The priests, who have fasted for three days, return to the village, drink an emetic which induces violent vomiting; then they bathe and are ready for food, the first of which must be a sacred cornmeal wafer or cake.

[illegible] would like answered [illegible] dancers protect themselves from the rattlesnakes' poisonous fangs.

The dancers do get bitten. Witnesses of this are numerous. In last year's dance a angry rattler, held in a stamping snake priest's mouth, turned and struck the man's cheek. At least three or four white persons saw it, and after the ceremony the wound was still plainly visible. Yet the man suffered no apparent illness from what would almost surely have caused death to any other man if the poison were really injected and no treatment given.

The dancer did not even pause in his ritual and appeared not to notice the snake bite. He just continued dancing. Other men are known to have been bitten, usually about the body or arms, without death or sickness resulting. They will never offer any plausible explanation.

Some theorists insist that the Hopis mix and drink a secret antidote in their kiva prior to the dancing. Some say the red men are just naturally impervious, but this is proven quite untrue.

The most commonly accepted theory is that the snakes are de-fanged in the kiva before the dancing, or that, once caught and placed in the kiva prior to the dancing, the snakes are teased and allowed to bite where they can do no harm, but do expend all their poison. Thus a taking rattler in the dance would be harmless except in appearance.

But no less an authority than the Smithsonian Institution, operating through Walter Fewkes, is quoted as poking that theory years ago. Mr. Fewkes caught one of the snakes immediately after it was released from the dancing ceremony, and is said to have found its fangs and poison sacs intact.

The Indians themselves are extremely hard to approach on the subject. Being a sacred and secret matter, they resent white intrusion. A few Hopis who renounced their tribe and adopted white man's ways have [illegible] sacred" the question about the bite of the rattlers, but their answers have been contradictory and hence worthless.

The Hopis have often been tempted to make a public festival of their strange ceremonial. Many an ardent promoter has made the long, dusty trek into Oraibi or Walpi, at either village where the dance may be held, and tried to arrange to have the show in Madison Square Garden, New York, or, failing that, even in Phoenix, which is much nearer home. In each case the promoter has made no progress, and has been rewarded only with threatening grunts and summary ejection from the village mesas.

The red men cannot even be approached on religious grounds, for their religion does not include missionary endeavors. No high priest of theirs ever commanded them to go forth and tell the world. To the Hopi, "salvation" is for the Hopis. Why should he make any stupid attempt to convert other people to his religion, when other peoples from beginning of time have been enemies!

Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians of Arizona. This Photograph Shows the Priests of the Rattlesnake Clan Marching to the Sanctuary to Deposit the Rattlesnakes Which They Are Carrying in Their Mouths and Hands.

Hualpai, a Desolate Indian Village Where the Snake Dance Ceremonial Is Often Held.

One of the Snake Priests Coming in From the Desert With a Handful of Snakes, Which Will Be Carefully Groomed and Prepared for the Approaching Ceremonial.

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RIGHT THROUGH THE SUMMER WITHOUT KNOCK-HEAT

THIS summer—more than ever—you want to ENJOY your car. You want to get FUN out of driving.

You can't do it if KNOCK-HEAT is stealing the pep of your engine. You can't do it if the HOT BREATH of an overheated motor is TOASTING your ankles and SCORCHING your feet.

It takes more than water to keep a motor cool in summer. It takes Ethyl Gasoline to STOP THE KNOCK-HEAT that causes overheating, discomfort and repair bills.

Ethyl helps your motor keep cool on the hottest days and the hardest drives. The heat energy that poor gasoline wastes as KNOCK is used for POWER by Ethyl.

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"But doesn't Ethyl cost more?" you ask. It does by the gallon. But SAVINGS in repair bills will more than repay the extra pennies you spend. And you'll also save on oil and carbon removals. Use Ethyl RIGHT THROUGH THE SUMMER and you'll find it is the cheapest motor fuel—as well as the best. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

KNOCK-HEAT is the excess motor heat that gasoline generates when it knocks. Hot weather aggravates the knocking evil and threatens trouble with *knock-heat*. You may not hear the knock in the driver's seat—or it may sound like only a tiny pinging—but inside the engine every knock is a SLEDGE HAMMER blow, a WHITE HOT explosion. Ethyl prevents KNOCK-HEAT, therby avoiding overheating, oil waste, discomfort, and repair bills

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THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

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NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXVIII

[illegible]

"G

[illegible]

Starr. At [illegible] turned [illegible] and [illegible] to Juniper [illegible] clothes.

"Get your things off [illegible] the skin [illegible] with [illegible] barked excitedly. "You [illegible] Tiffany [illegible] you [illegible] deaf [illegible]

"Thank [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] Dan [illegible] the [illegible] Ann's guests. [illegible] Ann [illegible] into the [illegible] giggle [illegible] at Gib. [illegible] the old [illegible] getting their [illegible]

[illegible] for that. [illegible] Ann ..." [illegible] stood there [illegible] said, [illegible] to bring her [illegible] Ann at [illegible] marked by [illegible] out [illegible] and found his car, [illegible] Lake.

[illegible] by the [illegible] Struyk pere- [illegible] knows [illegible] Roger was [illegible] he [illegible] the two [illegible] accompanied her [illegible] at the door. Ann was a [illegible]

She [illegible] stopped when she saw him [illegible] there—smoking.

"Roger, what are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Waiting. I hear about your going to Juniper Lodge tomorrow night?" he said, getting to the point at once.

Ann looked at him peculiarly for a moment, then in a most un-Ann-like way. "What's it to you?"

"You can't go there, Ann."

And why not?" she inquired, [illegible]

"It would [illegible] all your life."

Ann [illegible] her head and laughed. "I suppose you regret [illegible] you met there?"

Roger was silent and Ann continued, sarcastically, "The concept of you men is amusing. You seem to think that you have a monopoly on the capacity for enjoyment. You can go to Juniper Lodge and enjoy it; but if I go, I'll regret it all my life." She laughed mirthlessly.

"You don't understand; you don't know what it is like," Roger said, desperate to impress her. "It's rotten; filthy—you couldn't stand the—debauchery."

"What a beautiful and convenient word, Roger," Ann said fiercely. "I couldn't stand the debauchery. It seems I managed to stand one of the debauchees quite a number of years before I decided that perhaps there was more amusement to be had in other of his kind."

Roger flinched.

"You're not going there," he said stubbornly.

"I'll do exactly as I please," Ann snapped. "When I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Good heaven, Ann. You're the most [illegible] of a child. Have you no thought for her?"

Had she? asked Ann heartlessly. Is the [illegible] path of a father strewn with pastries—or [illegible] to a child than a [illegible] path known for her mother? But [illegible] argument, Roger. If [illegible] questions, tell her [illegible] followed in the steps set by her father."

"You can be mean, Ann."

"How kind you've been," she remarked [illegible]

"Ann, stop [illegible]," he ordered, good humor control.

She took a [illegible] from a book. A hurt [illegible] those in her eyes. Roger, get out of my bedroom," she said evenly. "I'm reserving it for men. Aping donkeys have no place here."

Roger went white. "I'd beat you, Ann, if you talk like that to me."

"I'd expect that of you," she said, unmoved. "It is quite in keeping with your courage."

"Blast you," he shouted hoarsely and bounded across the room. He seized her shoulders, shaking her in fury. Ann set her jaw and deliberately pressed the lighted end of her cigarette against his bare hand.

He smothered a cry and jerked away from her, staring at her in unbelief.

"You burnt me," he said in a hurt, outraged voice.

"Physical pain really registers, does it?" she asked.

"Ann, what's come over you?" he said in a grieved tone. "Haven't you any feeling left?"

"If I have it is no fault of yours—now get out!"

"I'm going to take you home with me if I have to gag and bind you."

Ann blew a curling ring of smoke, laughing recklessly as she did so. "So you'd take me—now that you've discovered how easily your blonde could be bought off. She came cheap; a thousand dollars, Jerome said. I'll come a little higher."

Roger said the words over to himself, studying his burnt hand. What had he done to Ann?

"I'm to blame for this," he said miserably.

"If it gives you satisfaction to brag about it, I'll agree."

"Good heaven, Ann, haven't you an atom of mercy?"

"There was a day when I asked you that same question, Roger," she said wearily, dropping her hardness. "It's no use—we've destroyed everything between us. There is nothing left—not even the ashes. As a matter of fact, I am not going to Juniper Lodge; I have some personal pride left. But I am going to marry Jerome—"

(Continued on Page 15)

97% MORE MILEAGE

AT 30% LOWER PRICE

FEW tire-users in the country can give you mileage figures as accurate as you will get from bus fleets—and the records for thousands of buses all over the country show that Goodyear Tires now average mileages which represent an increase of 97% in the past five years.

97% more mileage than these famous tires gave five years ago—and you can buy Goodyears now at prices which are 30% *less* than they were five years ago.

Here in plain figures is what you get for your money when you buy Goodyear Tires today.

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You get the *safety from skidding* of Goodyear *center* traction—a tread design that stops cars equipped with Goodyear Tires *quicker than any other tire.* By actual test, the next best tread skids 10% farther—and many tires skid up to 77% farther before they stop.

You get *safety from blowouts* in *every* ply—and every ply runs from bead to bead. All Goodyear Tires are built with patented Supertwist cord—which overcomes the destructive effects of heat—and which by actual test will stretch and come back long after ordinary cords break down.

And you get this extra safety from skidding—this extra safety from blowouts—when you buy Goodyears—the world's *first-choice* tires.

GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER Supertwist Cord Tire

Rubber and Cotton are up 100%—Goodyear Quality is at new all-time peak highs—but these comparative tables show you still can buy world-famous Goodyear Tires at prices that represent a real money saving to you.

1929 PRICES		TODAY'S PRICES	
4.40-21	$8.25	4.40-21	$6.40
4.50-21	9.20	4.50-21	7.10
4.75-19	10.20	4.75-19	7.60
5.00-19	11.00	5.00-19	8.15
5.25-18	12.35	5.25-18	9.15
5.50-19	14.10	5.50-19	10.45
6.00-19	15.45	6.00-19	11.85
6.50-19	18.95	6.50-19	14.60

GOODYEAR PATHFINDER Supertwist Cord Tire

Rubber and Cotton are up 100%—Goodyear Quality is at new all-time peak highs—but these comparative tables show you still can get trouble-free long-mileage thrifty Goodyear Pathfinders at a real money saving for you.

1929 PRICES		TODAY'S PRICES	
4.40-21	$8.30	4.40-21	$5.00
4.50-20	8.90	4.50-20	5.40
4.50-21	7.00	4.50-21	5.60
4.75-19	8.20	4.75-19	6.05
5.00-19	8.85	5.00-19	6.55
5.00-20	9.15	5.00-20	6.75
5.25-18	9.90	5.25-18	7.35
5.50-19	11.35	5.50-19	8.50

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Removes every trace of unwanted hair. As delightful as your choicest cold cream.

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY

Just spread on and rinse off.

GIANT TUBE 50¢

ZIP DEPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

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BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 14)

"Jerome! Marry him! Ann, haven't you seen enough of the way he has treated Ruth—"

"Any different than you've treated me?"

'You don't love Jerome.'

'Love? What a peculiar thing to say—" She began to laugh—and laughed and laughed until Roger feared she was going into hysteria. He got her a glass of water. She dashed it to the floor. "Get out, Roger," she stormed, "before I do something I really will be sorry for."

He flung himself across her bed, his shoulders shaking. He had lost Ann

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Sorrowful Homecoming.

He heard her go out of the room, and presently heard voices in the hall. Ann was instructing the maid, "Tell them to call tomorrow."

"But it is the school, Mrs. Trent. It's about Miss Babs," he heard the maid answer. He was down the hall before she had finished

Ann was in the door of the guest room with the telephone in her hand, listening. She swayed and an inarticulate sound broke from her lips. Tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Babs had a nightmare," she said in a dull, lifeless voice, "and walked out the window about half an hour ago. They've taken her to Mercy Hospital."

Roger snatched the phone from her, but the matron had gone to the hospital with Babs, and the woman on the phone could tell him no more. His jaws worked helplessly Babs—hurt—poor little Babs, who had never wanted to live at school

"Get a coat, Ann," he said. To the maid, "Call the police at Mt Davis and ask them to meet us at the edge of Elm Boulevard—explain who it is."

He put his arm around Ann as she came flying down the hall and ran with her.

"My car's this way," he said; but Ann sped past him to the bullet-shaped thing in the drive.

"It's faster," she half sobbed over her shoulder. Already she was in the driver's seat. The engine growled on a spurt of gas.

"Let me drive, Ann," Roger begged.

"I know the car," she answered in that same sobbing voice. "Besides, I'll go mad if I don't have something to do."

Roger felt painfully superfluous as he slid into the seat beside her. Ann had learned to do without him

She stepped on the accelerator and they roared over the concrete pier.

Tears gathered in Roger's eyes There was something so alone—so brave about Ann at the wheel, straightbacked, eyes on the road, wisps of hair streaming straight out behind. Outlined against the night, he might have been a steel etching of courage. Ann was changed. Not to a weak blade blowing with the wind as he had been thinking, but to a strong unbending reed.

How she drove! The bullet-shaped car cleft the air in two parts. He shuddered and put his hand momentarily over his face as he thought of why they were driving like this

She slowed at Elm Boulevard and Roger signaled the motorcycle squad which spurted out ahead of them. The shrieking sirens sent a chill racing down his spine. Like weird devils pricking at a drugged consciousness, that ghostly siren sent the past four years spinning in panoramic view before his eyes. All his deceptions pressed with terrible weight upon him. He slumped lower in his seat as they roared down the boulevard under the quiet stars, the motor convoy a live, menacing thing sweeping the streets before them. He was paralyzed by sudden weakness at the thought of the child so near now. He dreaded the first sight of her

"I've got to pay—I've got to pay—" he mumbled to himself, wrought past reason. "I've got to pay—through little Babs."

Mercy, he read over the door of the hospital as they passed within. Was there such a thing? He prayed there was, and remembered even as he did so, what Ann had said to him barely an hour ago about it. He had a feeling of unworthiness in prayer.

Babs was still in the X-ray room; she had fallen about 20 feet and injured her back. An interne led them along the corridor, and Roger marveled at Ann's composure. But when they looked through the glass window and saw their child, unfamiliar under the ghastly lights, she gave one muffled cry and collapsed. Roger caught her, and the interne helped him get her to a room

Later, when Babs had been removed to her suite in a plaster cast, Ann pulled herself together and they went to her. Babs was

Ann Set Her Jaw and Deliberately Pressed the Lighted End of Her Cigarette Against Roger's Bare Hand.

sleeping, a dead unnatural sleep—from the anaesthetic. Ann touched the purple bruise on the side of her face and broke into convulsive sobs. The physician took Roger aside; Ann followed, and he told them that Babs would have to be kept in the cast for many weeks, and that only when she was removed would they be able to tell whether she would walk or not

Ann's eyes dilated with horror and Roger felt a sinking sensation Sweat broke out on him and his hands trembled violently as he involuntarily reached to shield Ann from the blow It was Ann who mastered the words, wildly beseeching, "Surely, doctor—"

"All we can do is hope," he replied. They knew it the way he had put it that he had not much hope

The matron of the school came and gave her account—so brief, so pitiful! Babs had suddenly pleaded a headache and gone to bed, asking to be excused from dinner The matron had gone to her, but she wished only to be left alone. In the night her roommate heard her crying, but she would not be comforted Later the roommate was awakened by Babs' screams, but she was already out of the room In her fright and confusion she had unlatched a French window in one of the parlors and fallen out

"We found this under her pillow," the woman said mercifully, extending the Mt. Jovite Sun with Ann's picture glaring up at them.

Ann screamed, then suddenly flung Roger's arms from her, becoming so quiet that the room was thick with tension. Her eyes were boring into him...He thought, what does she mean? He met those eyes to get the misery over. They were the eyes of a stranger...The matron left them alone

"Ann—" he cried

"I've hurt the one thing that matters in my life," she said savagely, "trying to win you back." She laughed scornfully, and flung at him, "Yes; trying to win you back! I've seen a joke to everyone at the Lake this Summer. They all saw through my pitiful show of gaiety—knew I was making a play for you, trying to win you by the same method some one took you from me I didn't care—I stood it, shut my eyes to the gossip when you went on unbelievably your heartless way—let me turn laugh at me. I wanted you back Heaven knows why I should, but I still loved you. I still hoped and played on more recklessly, determined to make you notice. That Jerome was only a grand-stand play. I detest him; he wanted me to marry him...I said I'd think about it if he took that empty-faced blonde away from you I must have been crazy, but I wanted to show you how little you meant to her. Some one with more money came along—" She broke down and sobbed

Roger flayed himself in bitter silence. How futile had been Ann's play—if she could only know that it was not Janice. Ann was talking again.

"Jerome did well, he wanted to make his work complete. He brought her unasked to a party I was giving. I tried to be what your set would call a good sport. She goaded me to desperation.

"In a fit of humiliation, I called my lawyer and told him to file that petition the first thing in the morning. I never dreamed of the papers—but one of the Sun's men overheard me; he'd brought Daisy Palmer to the party—I didn't notice, I'd forgotten everything, even Babs. Poor fool," she sighed. "I know now that even to treat me in June. It's not fair.

But after much argument Roger won his point

It was a pitiful homecoming. Ann said bitterly as they waited the ambulance wind up here

Roger could scarcely keep back the tears as Babs smiled wanly at them out of eyes which were already beginning to have that look of patience and transparence seen in the eyes of those of long suffering Ann was right The price was too great

There was recompense for Ann however, in that brave smile when she saw them there together It made her glad that she had come home

But in the deadness of night she beat her palms against her breast and sobbed in futile anguish This was not the way she wanted things. Only Roger's body had come home The memory of other years when she and Roger would have been locked as one in such a grief descended on her like a torturing blanket of fire and she sobbed aloud

Material triumphs had become as ashes in the hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

Crisis!

ROGER had a queer beaten feeling; avoiding Ann at home—by request. Stare at the office, and completely out with Tiffany. He sensed Starr tolerance of him; believing that Roger had failed to gain favor with Tiffany, he found it easy to ignore his attempt

It was just as well, Roger decided He had lost his desire to know them. What he wanted was to regain his self-respect—and proof of that whipped feeling His lawyer reported the acquisition of 6,150 shares of the Starr Trust Company. "All I could wring from the market," he explained

Simultaneously Roger received a notice of a directors' meeting to be held that night for the purpose to be signed in Dave Starr's favor

"I be fine I will!" he said

He presented himself at the meeting glaring back at Dave Starr who glared in open hostility at him It gave him pleasure to acknowledge the pleasant greetings of the others and coolly turn his back to Starr as he sat down He was conscious of the mystified surprised comments that followed his failure to speak to his superior

Starr called the meeting to order and plunged immediately into its purpose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are facing a crisis. The Starr Trust Company along with other banks is feeling the effects of this drastic depression Due to heavy withdrawals of bank deposits our cash position is being weakened to such an extent that I fear for our interests Our doors may be ordered closed any day. The time has arrived when we must

A general discussion followed, but the trend of opinion was forthcoming

Roger was [illegible] Donald had a [illegible] of it If the case of the Trust Company was [illegible] assessment. He [illegible] awakened keener [illegible]

(Continued on Page 15)

MRS. JONES WINS HER HUSBAND BACK AGAIN!

WHAT SHALL DO? THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! THIS WEEK TOMMIE AND DAME HOME TO DINNER THINK I'M A MIND READER
SOMETIMES I THINK I MY HEART SPEAKS NO I AUNT LIA AFTER SHAVE FRANKLY WOMAN NO AWAY FROM ME
WE CAN NOT ONLY HELP IT JANE BUT TEN YEARS YOU'VE BEEN THAN YOU ARE! EVER HEAD IN A WALLACE HOPPER TALK ON THE RADIO
AS SURE I HAVE THE SPIN OF A CAT AND I CAN MOST OF YOU MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN, HOW? BY RESUPPLYING YOUR SKIN ARTIFICIALLY WITH THE OILS OF YOUTH JUST AS I DO
SHE'S OVER 60, YET BORN OF COLLEGE
JANE, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST BRIDE A MAN EVER HAD WHOM SHALL I THANK?
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

I Show Fading Women

How to Regain Youth's Romances and Thrills

Edna Wallace Hopper, who at past sixty has the skin of a girl, tells how she does it.

I am past 60, yet people tell me I look like a girl. College boys often try to flirt with me I've been booked from one big theatre to another as The Oil Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old As a grandmother's age I enjoy the admiration and thrills of Youth

Let me tell you how I do it. Women by the thousands who have tried it, say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 Minutes.

It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream And you use it INSTEAD of your present toilet goods counter. Try it. It may change your whole viewpoint of life.

fading skin of middle-age That is, it acts to do what Nature usually fails to do when a woman passes 30 . . . supplies the skin with the natural oils that keep it young and free of wrinkles and age lines *Work those oils in your skin you are young Without them in your skin you are old* That puts them in every day.

It shows results first time you use it Takes years away starts to bring back the radiant charm of youth. For it instantly corrects that deficiency of Youth Oils that makes women "middle-aged

It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream And you use it INSTEAD of your present toilet goods counter. Try it. It may change your whole viewpoint of life.

Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream acts to artificially restore the Oils of Youth to the

Olive oil

does wonders for your skin

—and it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

WHEN the ancients sought protection for lovely skin, they found it in the natural oils of olive and palm And for more than 3,000 years, nothing has been found to take their place

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field

The Campanile Murders

By William Chamberlain

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Bill Bartlett, reporter on the Times Star, is writing a feature story on unusual methods employed by coeds in working their way through the local State University. He goes out to the [illegible] a modern woodland [illegible] Lillian Voyne, [illegible] Ann Mcharvie, [illegible] Mal Jannings, [illegible] From James Wilson, manager of the fraternity house, they learn that Mal has apartments on both floors of the house, but that he was rushing Ann Mcharvie, most popular girl on the campus. Wilson also had a crush on Ann and hated Jannings.

Ann Mcharvie confesses to Bill that she was [illegible] Mal Jannings [illegible] Ann Mcharvie identifies the fake as one [illegible] Bill is [illegible] Jannings forge his credentials to get into [illegible]

Jean Lorrimer and Chapman, police reporter on the Herald. No one has entered or left the tower [illegible] Bill has a bunch Lillian knows something about the murder and quarrels with her when she denies any knowledge of it. Kyne and the reporter go to Jannings' fraternity house in search of [illegible] Bill and Lillian [illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

Captain Kyne Grins.

FEELING unusually sober and thoughtful, Bill Bartlett drove out Bayshore Boulevard to the Homestead.

Earlier in the evening he had been elaborately, keyed up. Now events piled one on the other had sobered him and he faced the situation with more calmness.

Bill Kissed Lillian Again. Her Lips Weren't Cold and Unresponsive Now.

Taking stock of himself, he realized that his respect for Captain Kyne, always a more or less uncertain quantity, had risen several hundred per cent. It had kept pace, perhaps, with his mounting anxiety over Lillian Voyne, although the two would hardly have [illegible] himself, illogically, meant no more to him than any one of a dozen women of his acquaintance.

Yet here he was, rushing out to the Homestead. Well—he shook his head—anxiety over Lillian was nothing to do with it. He was merely trying to [illegible] it out and of the affair as a man [illegible] Certainly it would do his reputation as a newspaperman no harm.

The Homestead was quiet. Only half a dozen couples were in the main room and the bar was [illegible] Jake for Jake Robin, the owner of the road house. Jake was huge and round and good natured with pink cheeks and curly hair that grayed [illegible] He looked competent, [illegible] and Bartlett wouldn't have trusted him with a plugged dime.

"Hi'ya, Bill? Come in an' have a drink."

"Be [illegible] gotten you have to give it away," Bartlett grinned.

"You [illegible] boy. Nora, mix a highball for Mr. Bartlett. What now, Bill?"

"Not a thing, Jake. Not a thing. I'm [illegible] dead."

"Yeh, it sure is. Take a look around this joint and you'll see just how dead it is." He chuckled deeply, ingenuously; but his small blue eyes, under their thick lids, were sharp and unconcerning. "No news breaking, eh, Bill?"

"No, nothing important."

The Japanese bartender set out Bartlett's highball.

"Here's luck," the reporter said. "Whitey Atwater around?"

"No. He was in earlier but Nora tells me he shoved off a [illegible] after eight."

"A little after eight, huh?" He must have gone, Bartlett thought, immediately after he and Lillian had started for the campus. He must [illegible] have passed them on the way in to town. There was a thought.

"Looka' for a little game?" Jake inquired.

"No. I just wanted to see Whitey a minute. Lillian working tonight?"

"She was here a while ago. Oh, maybe half an hour. Said she had a headache and went right out again. She was in a taxi." Jake emptied his glass and looked suddenly around at Bartlett. "Say, now! She was askin' for Whitey, too."

"Was she?" Bartlett was careful to be casual.

"Yeh. And come to think of it, she seemed kind of excited when she found out he wasn't here."

Everybody seems to be looking for Whitey tonight. The police haven't been in, have they?"

"Police!" Jake was [illegible] alarmed. "Why would the po [illegible]

"Come, come, Jake! I was just kidding you. Well, thanks for the drink. I'll be running along. Be good."

He felt Jake's small eyes burning into his back as he walked out of the bar room.

Bartlett drove into town and stopped in front of Lillian Voyne's apartment house. The clock on the Burrill Building, half a block away, was just striking twelve as he mounted the steps. He pulled out his watch, as much from force of habit as anything else, and verified its correctness. Then he turned to the row of numbered bell buttons.

He did not press the button of Lillian Voyne's apartment, but he pressed five other buttons in rapid succession. Somebody in one of those five apartments would be home, and would admit him—Lillian might not answer her bell.

Almost immediately he heard the latch click. He pushed open the door, ran up one flight of stairs, turned to the left and paused in front of a door marked [illegible] Stooping, he saw light between the door and the sill. He knocked.

The door was opened almost immediately, but only a few inches.

"Hello, Lillian!" he said.

He did not wait for the girl to ask him in, but pushed the door open and stepped into the hallway of the apartment. He pulled the door shut behind him.

Lillian was smiling coolly. Her [illegible] and her eyes were [illegible] She might have been [illegible] There was an edge to her voice, he [illegible]

"Won't you come in, Bill?"

The [illegible] he [illegible] Sorry I had to push my way in, but I wasn't sure how you'd receive me."

"But you must know," she [illegible] "that I am in the habit of receiving [illegible] in my apartment after midnight."

He ignored her sarcasm and walked into the living room. He sat down and stretched out his legs.

"Be all means, darling, make yourself comfortable. I [illegible]

"Thanks again," Bartlett smiled. "Can I pour you a drink?"

"I had [illegible]"

She went into the kitchen and came out with two tumblers partially filled with gin.

"Can you stand it straight?" she asked.

"Sure."

He watched her as she sat down on the Chesterfield. Save for a slight flush high on her cheek bones she looked quite calm.

"How did you know where I lived?" she asked.

"Don't you remember I drove you home one night a couple of weeks ago?"

"That's right. So you did. We [illegible] Bill."

"Do you mean that?"

"Why not?"

"Right now, luck to me means finding out who killed Mal Jannings."

Not an eyelash flickered as she said: "Well?"

"I was just wondering if you'd care to have that knowledge broadcast."

"Can you think of any good reason why I shouldn't?"

"Perhaps not."

He drank the gin and put his glass on the floor beside his chair. He looked at her for a moment and finally went over and sat down beside her.

"See here, kid!" he said impetuously. "You know blamed well you can trust me, don't you?"

Her smile was a bit twisted as she [illegible] off [illegible] "Do you know you can! I'm for you, Lillian. You know that, don't you?"

"Ye—"

"Come here."

He caught her to him. He pulled her sidewise until she was leaning back in his arms. Her body was limp. He looked down into her eyes. They were wide and cool.

He cried impulsively: "Lillian, don't you know I'm crazy about you?"

She didn't answer him. The small smile on her lips was distant.

He bent his head and kissed her roughly on the lips. They were cold and unresponsive. Anger welled within him, for there was fire in his blood, born of the night's excitement and the feel of her body in his arms.

He kissed her again, hard. And suddenly her arms were around his neck and she was clinging to him tightly. He kissed her again and again, and finally he tore his lips from hers and raised his head and looked into her half closed eyes. He looked into them for a long time. She did not move. But he could feel her [illegible] writhing, wiftly, again [illegible]

"Kid!" he muttered. "I wish you weren't mixed up in this [illegible]"

She didn't answer him. She closed her eyes. Her lips, parted a little, moved toward him ever so slightly. He kissed her again. Her lips weren't cold and unresponsive now. Her arms [illegible] tighter around him. He felt lifted into another and wonderful world, the night's gruesome excitement forgotten.

Something creaked. A door hinge? Bartlett's heart was [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 16)

"Thank you, I'm quite cool." With the words she twisted sinuously out of his grasp and stood off a few steps, panting a little, her blazing eyes still on Bartlett.

"What a nice friend you turned out to be!" Her voice stung like vitriol. He could find no words as he sat there, dazed a little, meeting the fury of her eyes.

"Now, now!" Kyne said. "Try to be good children." He seemed in rare good humor. "It isn't nice to sock each other. Though it seems to me if I was Bill Bartlett I'd get up and smack you for a loop. Or maybe Bill don't smack ladies."

Bartlett found voice at last. "You go to blazes, Kyne!"

"And you pipe down!" The captain's good humor seemed suddenly to fade. "I've got a few questions to ask the lady and while I'm asking 'em you keep your trap shut."

"I may keep it shut and I may not!" Bartlet flared. "What do you think of that?"

The captain took a step forward. "I think I may bust you one in the jaw like your girl friend did," he retorted.

"And you'll think again before you do. Don't forget I'm in a private home and I'm breaking no law. If you've got a warrant for my arrest, go ahead and serve it. If you haven't, you'd better stop and think a minute before you try any such stuff with me."

Lorrimer started toard the man on the Chesterfield. "Think you're pretty tough, don you?" he blurted.

Bartlett did not move. "I'm as tough as you are, guy as any time you want me to, I'll prove it."

"The deuce you say!"

Kyne was getting back his sense of humor. He motied Lorrimer aside. He took off his hat and tossed it on the tble and sat down.

"I won't quarrel with you, Bill. You've done me too good a turn tonight."

"I don't get you," Bartlett glowered.

"You wouldn't," Kyne grinned. "Miss Voyne, please sit down. You, too, Lorrimer. Take a load off your feet."

The sergeant pulled a chair out from the wall and sat down. Lillian, however, ignored Kyne's order. She walked to the window and stood looking down at the street, her fingers nervously toying with the curtain.

Kyne said mildly: "You don't have to be so up-stage, Miss Voyne."

Bartlett cried: "Oh, for heaven's sake, come to the point!"

"Yes, yes, Bill," Kyne said quickly, placatingly. "I'll come to the point. It's just this. When you left the hall tonight, I put a tail on you."

"On me?" Bartlett gasped.

"Why not?" The captain laughed. "Oh, I don't blame you for being burned up, Bill. But you've been too cocky. It'll take a lot o' that out of you when I tell you that Lorrimer tailed you out to the Homestead and back here to this young lady's apartment."

Bartlett gritted his teeth. Lorrimer, that half-witted flatfoot, tailing him! What a fool he'd been! He wiped a trickle of blood from the side of his mouth and tried to keep his hand and voice steady.

"Why should you want me tailed?" It was hard to get exactly the right shade of unconcern in his voice.

"Don't you know?" Kyne smiled.

"No, I don't know!" Bartlett snapped. "And I'm not good at guessing. What was the big idea?"

"You knew things about this case," Kyne replied, "that I didn't know."

"Oh, yes?" the reporter sneered. "How'd you figure that out?"

"Well, just your whole manner, Bill," said Kyne. "Like the way you ran back to Ann Michaels' apartment. Forgot your hat? Rats . . . And then hanging around to talk to Doc Hawley, and—oh, call it a hunch. I just had a hunch that you were holding out on me."

"Well?" Bartlett jeered.

"Here!" Kyne grinned and took a slip of paper from his pocket. "Take a look at this. Read it, Bill."

Bartlett took the sheet of paper and read:

"Dear Mal: Please meet me tonight at the Campanile. Nine-fifteen. Lillian."

Bartlett read it twice, sparring for time. Finally he handed it back to Kyne with a bored gesture and asked:

"What are you driving at, Ed? I don't get you."

"Oh, you get me, Bill. You get me, all right. I found this note in Jannings' pocket a while ago when I searched him at the morgue."

Bartlett shook his head. He dared not look at Lillian. He said:

"This is still over my head."

"Yes, yes?" Kyne's pale eyes twinkled with amusement. Oh, he was enjoying himself thoroughly.

Lorrimer said: "Pretty lousy bluffing, I call it."

"Yes, and who asked you to call it anything?" Bartlett glared.

Lorrimer stiffened and his square jaw set. "Say, fella, if you want to get horstile—"

"Now, now!" Kyne put in sharply. "Just keep your shirts on, you two."

Bartlett said tersely: "Well what about that note? I suppose you've decided that I wrote it."

"No, no! Now please be reasonable, Bill," the captain urged. "When I found that note, I did not have the faintest idea who this Lillian was, or where I could find her. But just then Lorrimer phoned in that you were in apartment No. 4 in this house, and that the apartment was listed under the name of Lillian Voyne. I put two a. d two together, and got I am." Kyne smiled amiably. "Nice reasoning for an old flatfoot, wasn't it?"

"Beautiful," Bartlett said. "Logical as can be—in a pig's alise! How do you know this girl s the Lillian who wrote that note? Answer me that one, smart ny?"

Kyne sighed and shook his andy head. "My, my, Bill! You're certainly a hard one to convince. Born in Missouri, were you? Well, I'll tell you the truth. I don't know, but I have a blamed strong hunch that I'm right."

"You and your hunches!" Bartlett sneered.

Kyne chuckled happily. "You die hard, don't you, Bill?" He turned to Lorrimer. "Charlie, just hand me that notebook on the table there."

Kyne took the book from the sergeant, opened it at random and spread out the note on the lower half of one page. He adjusted his steel-rimmed spectacles and for a time his head moved up and then down, up and then down, as he compared the handwriting in the book and the note. Finally he nodded.

"Want to see, Bill?"

"I'm no handwriting expert," Bartlett said, and added sarcastically: "And I'm sure you aren't."

"A handwriting expert isn't necessary," said Kyne. "Is it, Miss Voyne?"

Lillian was still standing at the window; the curtain was full of creases from her nervous fingers. She turned. She spoke calmly, for all the defiance in her clear eyes.

"If you are asking if I wrote that note, the answer is yes."

"Of course, it is," Kyne said gently. "It couldn't be anything else. Now wouldn't you like to sit down and talk to me?"

"I wouldn't like to, no. But inasmuch as you have the upper hand here, I suppose I shall have to."

Bartlett said furiously: "You don't have to say a word, Lillian."

She did not meet his eyes. Perhaps she was contrite, and regretted her hasty action of a few minutes before; perhaps she still blamed him for betraying her to the police, however inadvertant his act had been. Whatever the reason, she did not look at him, but quietly took a chair beside the table.

Kyne could be mild as well as bullying, and this was one of the times he chose to be mild. "Sorry to walk in on you this way and cause such a rumpus, but there are a few questions I want to ask you. You know, of course, that Malcolm Jannings, the chimesmaster at the University, was murdered tonight?"

"Yes, I know that," Lillian said steadily.

"He was a friend of yours, of course?"

"He was."

"Yes, yes. Now, Miss Voyne, suppose you tell me just what your relations were with Jannings."

"Relations?" Lillian said frigidly.

"An unfortunate word," Kyne quickly apologized. "I mean, just how well did you know him? How friendly were you? How much did you see of each other? That sort of thing, you know."

"Mal Jannings was a casual friend. No more. I met him in one of my classes at college and he took me out a few times."

"Your chemistry class?" the captain asked innocently.

"Yes."

A faint smile hovered at the corners of Kyne's mouth as he glanced at Lorrimer. "Well, well," Kyne mused. "Miss Voyne, are you in the habit of writing notes like this to your men friends?"

"I'd hardly call it a habit," said Lillian, "but if I wanted to see a man I'd be quite likely to write him a note and ask him to meet me."

"You wanted to see Jannings tonight, did you?" the captain asked.

"Naturally. If I hadn't, why would I have written that note?" Lillian retorted.

"What'd you want to see him about?" Kyne asked more sharply.

"That," said Lillian Voyne, "is my business."

Kyne pursed his lips and with a slow shake of his head said: "That attitude won't get you anywhere, Miss Voyne."

"What makes you think I want to get anywhere?" Lillian demanded.

"You want to get out from under suspicion, don't you?" Kyne asked gently.

Her smile was frosty. "Are you telling me that I am suspected of murdering Mal Jannings?"

"Right."

"Just exactly why?"

"Because you were a friend of his," said Kyne.

Bartlett growled: "That's a blamed poor reason."

"It's an excellent reason," Kyne said patiently. "Jannings wasn't murdered by accident, nor by a maniac, nor by a stranger. His murder was planned carefully, every detail worked out to the last degree. It was murder with malice aforethought. And it was committed by somebody who knew Jannings."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"You little wildcat!" Kyne Said, Holding Lillian's Arms at Her Sides. "Now, now! Cool off, sister!"

Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

She's pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet she sits out alone. Why?

Simply because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

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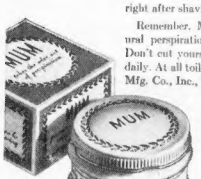

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"THAT'S TRULY REMARKABLE, YET I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU KNOW WE SCREEN STARS HAVE PROVED FOR YEARS THAT LUX TOILET SOAP REALLY KEEPS OUR SKIN YOUNG-LOOKING"
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SCIENTIST tells WHY this soap is such a wonderful aid *in keeping skin YOUTHFUL*

YOUTHFUL SKIN . . . what a world of happiness those two words mean to a woman!

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Summer Comfort for the Kitchen

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WITH the sultry heat of July and August upon her, the coolness and degree of working comfort in the kitchen becomes of major importance to the housewife.

In an era not so far distant it is to be hoped that artificial or controlled house ventilation will be as accepted as is now controlled house heating. Many types of such conditioning devices or systems are emerging from the experimental stage and are just around the corner to be developed practically in even the modest dwelling. The built-in air conditioner will take its place alongside of the kitchen refrigerator or the water heater to yield its even, moist and odorless air supply throughout the house.

But until science has so perfected and merchandising has so marketed this last degree of human comfort, the housewife must be her own engineer. An electric fan in every kitchen—or two of them—will do much to keep currents of air moving—one secret of feeling cool. Any portable fan may be set up out of the reach of children in such a position as to carry warm air toward the windows—on top of the kitchen cabinet is often a good location for such a fan.

There are many good types of permanent fans or wall ventilators which are worth installing in the owned residence. Some of these are fitted into the upper panel of the window, others are especially designed for setting in the house wall itself. Operated by a pull cord, such electric ventilators may both remove dead air and blow in fresh from the outside.

Kitchen curtains, if any, should give a crisp and fresh feeling to the worker. For this reason curtains of oilcloth or similar material are better than muslin, which becomes soiled too easily, and which blows about too readily. The clean sanitary surface of this type of curtain holds in place, can be wiped with a damp cloth and always appears inviting.

Cook with chill is another means of solving the meal problem in this period of hottest weather. Even though many housewives possess an automatic refrigerator, they do not get fullest use out of it because they fail to practice the idea of cooking with cold. There are hundreds of dishes which can be cooked with cold as well as cooked with heat.

A meat jelly is a good example of such a dish. Use the neck of veal with some cracked knuckle bones. Cover with water, add strong seasoning of bayleaf, onion and whole clove, and allow to simmer on the range with any waste heat from other cooking. Pick over meat, strain broth, and combine in fancy or bowl mold. Set to chill 12 hours. Serve with spiced mayonnaise as the main substantial dish.

Fish jelly or combinations of fish and vegetables is another choice. Salmon and cucumber jelly, potato salad in tomato juice jelly, tuna fish in jelly—all may be prepared hours in advance and left in the refrigerator to cook with cold.

The plebeian but ever useful meat loaf is another example—and, by the way, there is a newer, better style pan just out—one which makes the loaf narrower and with a better slice to cut. Nothing is more satisfactory to have on hand over a heavy holiday than a couple of such loaves —using minced veal, beef or chicken, or any combinations of them, with plenty of jelly.

Even using the best insulated of ranges, there is considerable radiated heat unless one operates and plans cooking in order to prevent such waste heat. But instead of cooking with three separate burners, why not follow the more efficient plan of cooking three foods on the *same* burner?

There is the excellent waterless cooker—in which one may place a rack or compartment pans, so that meat, vegetables and some types of dessert are all cooked on one top burner. There are several inexpensive top-ovens in which one may bake potatoes, biscuits, shortcake, etc., using only one burner instead of the more expensive and also heat-making oven.

But if one does wish certain large cuts or roasting, then follow the other idea of cooking many dishes at the same time in the oven, and even utilizing its retained heat for additional slow-cooking or simmering foods. A well insulated oven should not heat up the kitchen to an intolerable point.

Often the housewife who likes, or whose husband may be especially fond of a grilled dinner, hesitates to use the broiler because she fancies it also heats up the kitchen too much. However, such delicious grills necessitate heat for only a very short period. One may also grill on top of the range, using a large, heavy iron skillet. There is a very excellent new grill device which may be set under the broiler flame when in use—then removed, given a convenient handle, and so served direct at the dining table.

Tarts, cup cakes and small drop cookies require much less baking heat than larger loaf cakes. Or they may be baked on the retained heat after a large roasting piece has been cooked, using full fuel for about 10 minutes longer.

A supply of small tart shells (often baked on the outer surface of muffin tins or similar gem pans) can furnish a quick dessert merely by filling with any fresh berries and topping with cream. Drop cookies sprinkled with cocoanut and with a red cherry or peppermint drop in the center make attractive cakes to stow away in the picnic basket.

Jellied soups or cocktails, made in a generous supply in the refrigerator trays, are another stand-by for the holiday table. Pour tomato juice, seasoned, into the tray, stir occasionally, and freeze. As a result: Four clam broth into the tray, break up with a fork and freeze until somewhat stiff. Make a generous amount of cucumber jelly by boiling up seasoned liquid with grated cucumber pulp. Cool, and chill in trays. This neutral jelly (made more pleasing with a few drops of vegetable coloring) makes a refreshing touch on cold sliced meats or fish salads.

Another trick is to use the parings or leavings from practically any fruits and make them into a punch. For example, when using fresh pineapple do not throw away the parings, but place in bowl and cover with water. Let stand several hours in the refrigerator. Add a few mashed imperfect strawberries or the rind of a couple of oranges. Strain, sweeten, add iced or carbonated waters just before serving. This economical habit will furnish the hostess with a variety of drinks at short notice.

Cook in the cool of the day is, of course, the first and best advice. When the morning feels dewy and one awakes with a feeling of energy is the time rapidly to get one's hand in and have most of the cooking and meal preparation done by 10 of the clock. If there is a possibility of going on some jaunt, picnic or trip, do the long cooking of many vegetables in advance.

Thus, string beans or lima beans often require more than three-quarters of an hour to make them sufficiently tender. Left until the return in the evening, they might be a delay to the whole meal. But pre-cooked in the forenoon, left in enamel or glass in the refrigerator, they can be given the second or quick-cooking time within the 15 minutes necessary to assemble the other items of the meal.

Try this long-cooking in the morning and short-cooking at night if you would gain a cool kitchen and more vacation leisure.

Porch Luncheon.

Frozen Tomato Juice Cocktail,
Cold Cuts Savory Baked Ham,
Potato Salad in Cucumber Jelly Ring,
Peppermint-Vanilla Ice Cream, Cup Cakes,
Punch (Grape and Gingerale-ade).

Guest Dinner.

Melon Ball Cocktail Cup,
Creamed Crabmeat with Asparagus Tips,
Toasted Finger Rolls,
Raspberry Sherbet,
Sponge Squares with Decorette Icing,
Iced Tea with Mint.

Mixed Grill Luncheon.

Filletted Fish with Canned Pineapple Rings and Rounds of Sweet Potatoes,
Golden Bantam Corn on Cob,
Romaine Salad with Sliced Cucumbers,
Individual Peach Shortcake Biscuit,
Iced Coffee.

The Portable Sandwich Meal.

Veal Jelly with Cress (Served Sandwich Style),
Brown Bread and Minced Black Olives Sandwiches,
White Bread with Sliced Cucumber and Peanut Butter Sandwiches,
Brick Ice Cream with Cake Slices Sandwich,
Frozen Grape Juice Ice.

Jellied Potato Salad for the Family Picnic—4 cups canned tomatoes, 2 onions sliced, ½ cup diced celery, salt, pepper. Simmer above 15 minutes, press through fine sieve and combine with 2 tablespoons gelatin softened in water. Cool jelly. Have prepared 3 cups diced cold potatoes, 1 cup finely diced heart celery, 2 green peppers minced fine which have been moistened for ½ hour in tart French dressing. Fold potato mixture into chilling tomato jelly and shape in ring mold until firm and very chill. Serve with cold ham and sausage cuts and a mustard mayonnaise. (Center of ring may be filled with cabbage slaw or other green vegetable.)

Festive Cherry Jell—1 package quick-setting cherry gelatin, 2 cups boiling water, 6 drops almond extract, ¼ pound dessert marshmallows, rounds of sponge cake. Dissolve gelatin in water. Add marshmallows and stir until thickened and dissolved. Add extract and few grains salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and whip until fluffy. Chill in individual molds. Serve on rounds of sponge cake, top with spoon of whipped cream and a blue gumdrop.

Raisin Ice Cream—1 cup seedless raisins, ¾ cup grape juice, 1 cup whipping cream, 10 dessert marshmallows, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Simmer raisins in grape juice 10 minutes. Remove from fire and cool. Beat cream until thick, but not *stiff*. Add mallows cut in pieces. Add vanilla. Combine with raisins and cream. Blend thoroughly. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze.

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LUX for Dresses—keeps them like new at almost no cost

LUX

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 15)

tion. Double liability for the amount of stock which he held, would be no joke. This was a crisis: no mere horseplay of D. W.'s.

Starr hunched farther and farther in his seat and Roger, who had come to know every significant change of his, saw that a scheme was brewing in his mind.

When Starr took the floor again, Roger sat like a man on needles. What Starr did now meant everything to his future.

Starr said with the assurance of one whose leadership has always been supported:

"You see where we are heading. Four banks in a neighboring city closed yesterday. The longer we stay with it, the deeper we'll dig down when it does come. My suggestion is that we close the bank now and pay the depositors from what resources the bank has, thereby reducing our liability to a minimum."

There was dead silence for a full minute. Close the Starr Trust Company! An institution that stood like a supporting pillar of the city! It would be like the stopping of Time! Not a man there but had thought that would be averted. Their minds sped to the big factories along the Taunee, the vast resources at the command of the Starrs. In that instant came their full realisation that the staunch old leader, Mark Starr, was dead. Mark Starr would never have made that speech. . . . They looked at each other with uncertain, questioning eyes.

Roger Trent got slowly to his feet. His face was pale. There was a breathless pause as the other directors turned to him. Surely, this was a play of Dave's—Trent had always been his handy man.

"Gentlemen," Roger said slowly and distinctly, "before this meeting proceeds further, I have a word to say. The situation makes it imperative that I make public the fact that I am the largest individual stockholder in this bank."

Exclamations of surprised interest went round the board.

Roger glanced at Donald who shrank under his gaze. "Sorry, Donald, but I am forced to make public the little deal between us."

There was an explosive oath from Dave Starr. Roger turned again to the board. "It is of no matter how I came by Donald's stock, but I own his entire parcel. I left it in his name on the books for a purpose which is of no consequence to anyone but myself.

"I also own every share of what was the outstanding stock, bringing my total to 17,625 shares, an amount which makes the present situation of grave importance to me, and which—I hope—will give weight to what I have to say."

Members cast surreptitious glances at Dave Starr, who sat like a graven image of owl-eyed wonder.

Roger continued.

"As the largest stockholder in this bank which Mark Starr made an outstanding example for banking interests all over the country, I want to say I think Dave Starr's plan putrid and unworthy of a citizen of Mt. Jovite — which stands as a city of integrity, keeping faith with its citizens, among the cities throughout the state.

"Furthermore, it bears out what everyone on the street is saying about him: That the present head of the Starr Trust Company is unstable. . . . On every hand one hears the lament: 'If Mark Starr were only alive, we'd know where to keep our money—no situation was too big for him.' . . . And, gentlemen, they are right! Mark Starr was bigger than any emergency that ever arose. You know that—and I know it. We know, too, that he did not get that reputation riding serenely through fair weather. No! Gentlemen," Roger banged his fist on the table, "Mark Starr got that reputation from the financial storms, the crises in banking history which he met squarely and conquered—instead of running from . . .

"It was that conquering power, that grim relentless setting of his shoulder to the wheel in times of stress that made him the impregnable tower of finance that he was—and won for him the confidence of the people. Emergencies make the man. The greater the battle, the more signal the victory!

"Are we to stand by in this emergency and see this monument to a great man's courage and name wrecked by one who refuses to face the issue?

"No! We must protect this institution against the very man who bears the name. Every vote of mine goes to stand by the bank until it falls from its own weakness. At least, it cannot be said, then, that it was pulled down by the cowardly hands of those whose eyes were turned inward on their own pockets. If there are men at this board who believe in right and justice and clean dealing, let them declare themselves openly; let them stand, now—at this table."

Roger's challenge amounted to an ultimatum. In the silence that followed, the purring of the electric clock on the wall could be heard. A barely perceptible stir rustled the stillness as they shifted positions toward Dave Starr at the head of the table.

He sat on the edge of his chair, tense, waiting, his immobile eyes upon the man who had so scathingly branded him. He licked his dry lips as he sensed their curious scrutiny, but he did not move.

Timothy Barnes navigated to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, his eyes traveling down the double line shifting in his direction, "I stand with Trent on this."

There was a brisk flurry of relieved movement. Someone had taken the lead. One by one, they rose—even Jerome — until Dave Starr sat alone at the board. He had the blue look of death around his lips. His voice was scarcely audible as they formed the words: "The meeting is adjourned."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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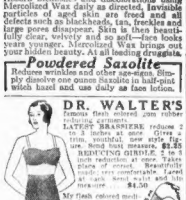

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AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLER

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You may be a dashing blonde—a Latin brunette—a brown haired in-between—a stunning red-head or a beautiful gray or white-haired woman. Whatever your type one of Lovalon's 12 smart shades is unmistakably yours. This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, not a bleach—merely a *temporary tint* that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness that so often mars gray and white hair.

3 rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at 5¢ and 10¢ 5¢ stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lavalon Laboratories, Dept. W-35, 281 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif.

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CAUSED BY NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

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BANISH HAIR

a way that really discourages regrowth

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ANTROL

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Delicious Vegetable Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Creamed Carrots.

SCRAPE and wash carrots, cut in cubes, match-like pieces or slices. Cook in boiling water to which is added 2 teaspoons sugar. To 1 pint of cooked carrots add 1 cup well seasoned white sauce and a few drops onion juice, if desired. Turn into hot dish and serve plain or with peas or sprinkle with finely chopped parsley or chives.

Tea Room Tomatoes.

WASH and skin choice ripe tomatoes. Cut in thick slices. Sprinkle with finely chopped green peppers. Dot with butter and sprinkle with salt and paprika. Place on greased pan and cook in hot oven.

Glazed Carrots.

BOIL 1 bunch small, tender carrots in water until nearly done. Melt 2 or 3 tablespoons butter in iron frying pan, add carrots, sprinkle with sugar and stir with a fork until brown.

Polish Beets.

PREPARE beets as usual. Peel, slice and chop about 2 cups of beets. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well, stirring constantly. Do not allow mixture to brown. Add salt and pepper to taste and add ½ cup boiled vinegar, and continue stirring until smooth and creamy. Combine the diced beets with this sauce, add a few tablespoons of thick sour cream, cover and let simmer about ½ hour.

Stuffed Vegetables.

REMOVE centers from tomatoes, egg plants or other vegetables. Fill with a mixture of well seasoned left-over cereal or softened bread crumbs and minced meat, chicken or fish. Bake until tender.

Okra Gumbo.

PUT 1 quart tender okra, 1 quart strained tomato pulp, 1 minced onion, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon paprika in kettle. Simmer slowly until thick. Add 2 tablespoons butter and serve hot as a vegetable.

Sweet Pickled Dried Peaches (By Request).

A GOOD substitute for your favorite fresh peach pickles you will find in sweet pickled dried peaches. Soak the dried peaches overnight in cold water. Next morning rub off the skin. Fasten together two half peaches of equal size with cloves and bits of cinnamon. Place them in jars, with an occasional blanched almond to suggest peach kernels, and pour over them hot, sweet spiced vinegar. Seal and let stand a week or more before serving.

Scalloped Left-Over Vegetables.

ARRANGE alternate layers of cooked vegetables and well seasoned white sauce in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with buttered bread or cracker crumbs and bake until crumbs are golden brown.

Spinach.

PICK over and wash ½ peck of tender spinach. Cook in water that clings to it, sprinkling with 1 teaspoon salt. When tender, drain, chop and season to taste with butter. The chopped spinach may be reheated with one egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons cream.

Quick Spinach Timbales.

SEASON finely chopped spinach with salt, paprika and butter. Pack lightly into buttered custard or timbale molds, and let stand in pan of hot water until ready to serve. Turn out on serving platter. Serve with white or egg sauce.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	Prunes, French Toast, Apricot Marmalade, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Broiled Bacon with Poached Eggs, Rolls, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Creamed Dried Beef, Hashed Potatoes, Rolls or Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple (Fresh), Broiled Salt Mackerel, Lemon Butter, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Raspberries, Cereal, Cream, Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Coffee.	Fruit, Fluffy Omelette, Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream of Green Vegetable Soup, Croutons, Watercress and Minced Egg Sandwiches, Graham Bread Pineapple Sandwiches, Iced Tea.	Meat Pie with Green Peas (Left-Over Meat), Steamed Rice, Apple Whip, Sour Cream Chocolate Cake, Hot or Iced Tea.	Cold Tongue, Spinach Salad, Spiced Pears, Rolls, Fruit Cup, Iced Drink.	Lamb Souffle, Creamed Corn with Left-Over Lima Beans, Ice Box Rolls, Cup Cakes with Apricot Sauce.	Broiled Bacon Bermuda Onion and Potato Salad, Bacon Muffins, Banana Tarts with Apricot Glaze (Left-Over Apricots), Iced Tea or Cocoa.	Eggplant au Gratin or Baked Macaroni, Jellied Relish, French Rolls, Ice Cream Sandwich with Fruit Sauce.	Steamed Rice, Buttered Beets, Cauliflower Bechamel, Strawberry Shortcake, Whipped Cream, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Broiled Beef Balls with Mushroom Sauce, Baked Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered Asparagus or Lima Beans, Fruit Gelatin.	Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb, Scalloped Ham and Potatoes, Green Bouquet Salad, Russian French Dressing, Cottage Cheese Custard.	Rhubarb Cocktail, Mint Sauce, Buttered New Potatoes, Lima Beans, Sliced Cucumbers, Radish Roses, Green Apple Pie.	Irish Stew with Noodles, Shredded Cabbage and Grated Carrot Salad, Sour Cream Dressing, Favorite Fruit Dessert.	Planked Vegetables (Potato Border, Beans, Asparagus, Tomatoes, etc.), Cherry Betty with Hard Sauce.	Baked Potatoes, Creamed Asparagus, Sliced Tomatoes, Mixed Fruit Salad, Cheese Wafers.	Stuffed Egg Salad, Graham Bread Sandwiches, Pineapple with Left-Over Strawberry Juice, Cookies.

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A NEW GUIMPE — OR JUMPER FROCK (7939). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1⅛ yards for the guimpe.

A DAINTY MORNING DRESS (7935). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 38 will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for the ruffles. If made without contrast and with sleeves, as in the small front view, 4¼ yards will be required.

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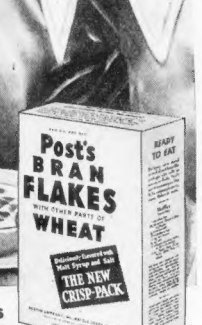

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